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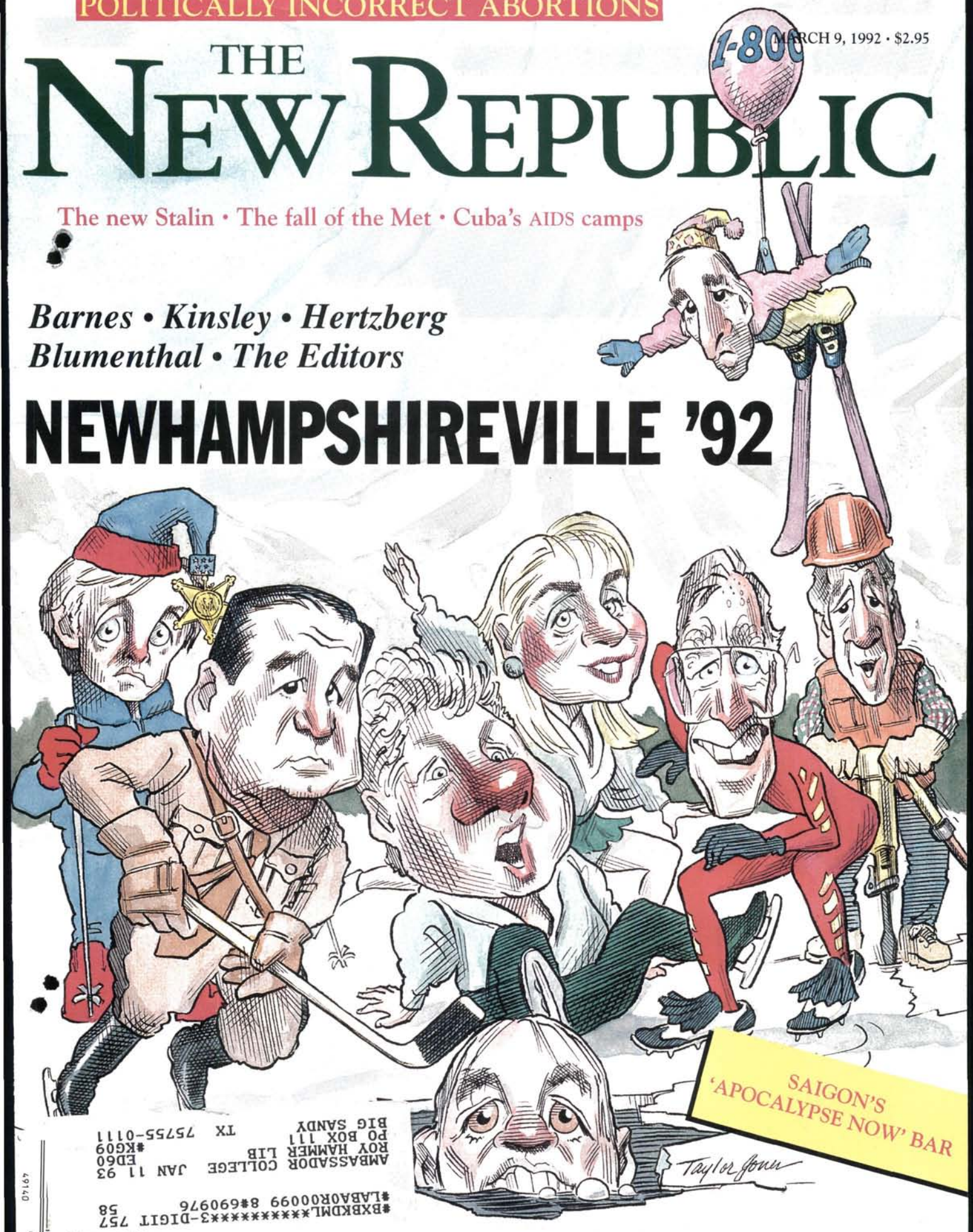

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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MARCH 9, 1992

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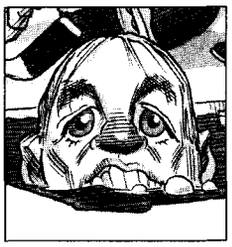

Cover by Taylor Jones for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Articles on pages 6, 7, 22, 25, and 46.

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Martin Bernal responds to Afrocentric 'myths.' An exchange.

6 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: COLONEL OF TRUTH Or, the Rhodes scholar as a social type.

7 **THE EDITORS** A SPECIAL OLYMPICS Should the former front-runner drop out? You bet.

8 **NOTEBOOK** Black Muslims in Congress, mini-Bushisms, &c.

10 **JAMES GRADY** HO CHI MINH POSTCARD: STILL IN SAIGON The 'Apocalypse Now' bar.

11 **MELISSA ROBINSON** UNVEILED How two high-society rapes galvanized Pakistan.

12 **ROBERT BAZELL** SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: HAPPY CAMPERS Inside Cuba's AIDS wards.

15 **MAUREEN DEZELL** BUNDY'S REVENGE Should sex-crime victims be able to sue *Playboy*?

16 **CHARLOTTE ALLEN** BOYS ONLY What does a pro-choicer do when a woman chooses an abortion solely because her baby will be a girl? Run for cover.

18 **AMY WILENTZ** DEEP VOODOO George Bush's cruel and irrational Haitian policy.

22 **SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL** SPRINGTIME FOR BUCHANAN Pat Buchanan's New Hampshire coup deals a heavy blow to George Bush—and represents a crisis for conservatives.

25 **FRED BARNES** THE CLINTON GAP The reason Paul Tsongas won in New Hampshire is that he had a message—and Bill Clinton didn't.

28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: RESTORING WELLES In his *Othello*, Orson Welles falters as Othello, and the tragedy disappears.

29 **ALEX ROSS** THE GHOSTS OF THE MET Despite all the hype, John Corigliano's opera *The Ghosts of Versailles* is merely an exercise in musical pastiche.

33 **TERENCE EMMONS** THE ABUSABLE PAST Reconsidering Stalin and the nature of totalitarianism after the fall of communism in Russia.

41 **ALAN MINTZ** MANNERS, MORALS, AND THE ACADEMY *Jews in the American Academy, 1900-1940* by Susanne Klingenstein

43 **JACQUELINE OSHEROW** POEM *What We'd Do, Emily, If You Came Home*

44 **ELAINE SHOWALTER** LADIES SING THE BLUES *Silencing the Self: Women and Depression* by Dana Crowley Jack; *You Mean I Don't Have to Feel This Way?* by Colette Dowling

46 **HENDRIK HERTZBERG** NEW HAMPSHIRE DIARIST: PRESS PASS

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CORRESPONDENCE

Roots

To the editors:

While I appreciate the thought and soul searching Mary Lefkowitz put into her review article "Not Out of Africa" (February 10), there are many things about which we disagree. Naturally, I cannot respond to all the points she makes in her long article, but there are some claims I cannot leave unchallenged.

First of all is her statement that she "stubbornly believes that classicists and ancient historians would have been only too delighted to discover the true answer, whatever it was, *if it were possible to know it*" (her italics). It is now generally conceded on the basis of archaeological evidence and mythological parallels that relations between the Aegean and the Levant were far more intense than was once believed. However, when such connections were proposed by the Semitists Cyrus Gordon and Michael Astour, they were pilloried and the archaeological evidence for them produced by George Bass systematically neglected. Such treatment can be explained in two ways. It was either the result of the isolationism current in archaeology at the time, or it came from a conservative clinging to earlier models that were influenced by the anti-Semitic atmosphere of the 1890s and 1920s.

On the Egyptian side, in the first decades of this century Sir Arthur Evans demonstrated the great indebtedness of "Minoan" material culture to Egypt. His pupil J. D. S. Pendlebury catalogued the hundreds of Egyptian objects then found in the Aegean. In the 1950s and '60s Frank Stubbings, who wrote the relevant article in the canonical *Cambridge Ancient History*, found archaeological evidence that he interpreted as backing the Greek traditions of Hyksos settlements in Greece, and, at the same time, Jean Vercoutter had assembled the many Egyptian records of Egyptian dealings with the Aegean during the Bronze Age.

By the 1960s there was considerable evidence of close contacts between the Near East and the Aegean during the Bronze Age, of the striking mythological parallels between the two regions and of the fact that 50 percent of the Greek vocabulary and an even higher proportion of proper names cannot be explained in terms of Indo-European languages. Why did classicists and historians of ancient Greece not put the pieces of this relatively simple puzzle together? The information was available: *it was possible for classicists to know.* They were clearly not stupid or lazy but for them the idea of such close relations between what they saw as completely alien cultures was beyond the bounds of possibility. These bounds are what outsiders would call a model or "paradigm" that has focused but blinkered the classicists' outlook.

Professor Lefkowitz illustrates both this tunnel vision and a reductio ad absurdum of her opponents' views:

> The principal reason that students of antiquity have not given the Africans or Egyptians primary credit for the achievements of Greek civilization is that Greek culture was separate and different from Egyptian or African culture. It was divided from them by language and by genealogy.

First, neither I nor the moderate Afrocentrists claim that Egypt was the sole source of Greek civilization. We also see native and Levantine influences as having played extremely important roles in its development. Second, she conflates "separate" with "different." No one in their right mind can deny that the cultures were "different," but it does not follow that they were "separate." Her establishment of an unbridgeable divide is linked to an assumption that peoples speaking languages belonging to different language families are unable to have profound linguistic or cultural interactions.

This is absurd. Let me take just one counterexample. The Chinese and Japanese languages are as different from each other as ancient Egyptian and Semitic were from proto-Greek. This has not prevented Japanese civilization from being saturated by Chinese language and culture. Japan has a very distinctive culture; it is not simply a mirror image of China. However, it would be ludicrous to try to understand Japan without a constant awareness of its Chinese "roots."

This is precisely what classicists have been attempting to do for what I am convinced is the analogous case of Greece. In my view, Greek linguistic and other borrowings from Egyptian and West Semitic cultures were not trivial or superficial. Linguistically, loans became fused with the native language so that like English, Greek gained its flexibility and enormous vocabulary not from purity but from this mixture. Thus, I think it is fair to refer to the Afroasiatic "roots" of Greek language and civilization, without denying the Indo-European ones.

There is no doubt that the chief purpose of myths and legends is to explain and justify the present. Equally, however, we know that myths can contain valid historical information. The fact that teasing this out can be difficult does not mean that one should discard evidence about periods for which there is very little else to go on.

Professor Lefkowitz pours scorn on the African vindicationalists' claims of a "stolen legacy." While there is no doubt that they have been wrong on many particulars, they are in fact tapping into a tradition of great antiquity and some validity. In the first century A.D. the Neo-Pythagorean sage Apollonios of Tyana visited India. According to his biographer Philostratos, the Indians were surprised to find Apollonios virtuous because Egyptians had told them that they had "fixed all the sacrifices and rites on initiation that are in vogue among the Greeks," who were ruffians. The idea that Greeks were taking aspects of Egyptian religion also comes in a passage in the *Hermetic Corpus.* Philo of Byblos, writing around 100 A.D., claimed that Greeks had appropriated Phoenician and other ancient myths and had then imposed their versions or fictions on other peoples. In the second century A.D. the Assyrian Christian Tatian argued that the Greeks had stolen Phoenician letters and Egyptian geometry and historical writing.

These arguments are not implausible. We know that "Pythagorean" triangles were used in the Near East more than a thousand years before Pythagoras, and the volumes of pyramids were measured almost equally early, long before the time of Eudoxos, who according to Archimedes was the first person to do so. Archimedes' screw was in use in Egypt centuries before the Greek scientist was born. These tendencies to appropriate non-Greek culture and scientific achievements also reinforce the view that when dealing with Greek traditions of "barbarian" influences on their culture we should expect underestimates rather than exaggerations of their significance.

Professor Lefkowitz sees my views and those of the Afrocentrists as conspiratorial. Here again, I cannot answer for the latter, but my own view is that the denial of the Greek traditions of Egyptian and Phoenician influences on ancient Greece that took place during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries was not conspiratorial but part of a general wave of European confidence in the present linked to a belief in racial essences that required that Europeans must always have been the master race.

She also claims that I am stressing Egyptian and African origins at the expense of all others. This is not the case. Although the book has the title *Black Athena,* its subtitle is "The Afroasiatic Roots of Classical Civilization." This includes speakers of *two* members of the Afroasiatic language family: ancient Egyptian and Semitic. I am concerned not merely with Egypt but with the influence of anti-Semitism in the attack by classicists on what I see as the central role of West Semitic speakers in the for-

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mation of Greek civilization. I completely accept the role of the native Indo-European speakers.

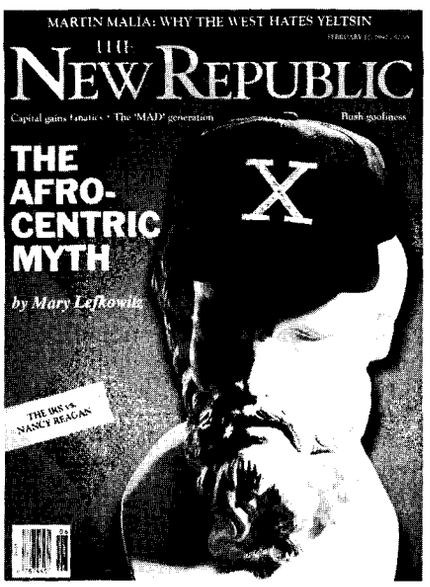
Professor Lefkowitz accuses me of using Herodotus's statement that—by implication—the Egyptians were black and had woolly hair to claim that *I believed* that they were "black in the sense of negroid." This is simply not so. In Volume I, page 53, I merely mention Herodotus's reference to the Egyptians as "black." I did not write "negroid" nor did I say that I accepted Herodotus's statement. More seriously, she blames me for "ducking" the issue of the relations between Egyptians and black Africans. I have in fact written on this issue many times (Volume I, pages 240-42; "Response to Professor Snowden" in *Arethusa*, Fall 1989, pages 30-32; and "Response to Dr. John Ray" in the *Journal of Mediterranean Archaeology*, 3/1/1990, pages 118-19). My position on the issue is, in fact, that of most Egyptologists. I hold that ancient Egyptian civilization is usefully described as "African" for the following reasons: (1) it originated and flourished on the African continent; (2) its language belonged to the Afroasiatic language family, which originated in Africa, and Egyptian may well have been influenced by other African languages; (3) in its formative period, before the foundation of the pharaonic system, Egyptian civilization drew on cultures in what is now the Sahara, which were in close contact with West Africa; and (4) the pharaonic system began in Nubia and Upper Egypt rather than on the Mediterranean. On "race," I accept the work of physical anthropologists who see the Egyptians as having been mixed in the pharaonic period, with Upper Egypt having a basically East African population with Central African and Mediterranean admixtures, while Lower Egypt was fundamentally North African Caucasoid, but as a consequence of continuing contacts with the rest of Africa up the Nile had a much higher proportion of East and Central African physical types than is found in the Maghreb.

Finally, Professor Lefkowitz holds me "culpable" for encouraging "fellow Afrocentrists." I am not an Afrocentrist. I have never been an Afrocentrist. I do not believe that all good things come from any one continent. I go further and say that I believe that cultural mixture has been the source of most social, philosophical, scientific, and artistic creativity. Thus I admire Egypt, the Levant, and Greece precisely because they have possessed such mixed and creative civilizations. I find studying Egyptian and Levantine influences on Greek civilization worthwhile because they are important in their own right and because I find the investigation of such cultural contacts challenging and exciting. However, I find study of these influences particularly alluring because their systematic neglect by classicists and ancient historians working within the Aryan Model leaves so much fascinating material available for fresh research. To conclude, I hate racism of any sort and I am sorry if my work has given encouragement to black racists. However, I should be far more concerned if I were an orthodox classicist, maintaining the Aryan Model and supplying aid to the infinitely greater menace of white racism.

MARTIN BERNAL
Ithaca, New York

Mary Lefkowitz replies:

Although Professor Bernal insists that classicists have not wanted to admit that other cultures might have influenced ancient Greece, in fact there has been since the mid-'60s at least lively discus-



sion of all aspects of the question. What scholars of the ancient world differ about is the nature and the degree of influence, and whether influence should be equated with "borrowing" or still less with "stealing." If there has been considerable disagreement about details of who influenced whom or when or how much, it is because so much of the evidence is uncertain or fragmentary.

In his letter, as in his books, Professor Bernal tends to polarize issues, and to rephrase the arguments of scholars with whom he differs so that they will appear to have made claims with which it is easy to disagree. Thus when I said that Greece was a separate and different culture, he makes out that I am talking about an "unbridgeable divide" that aspects of language cannot cross—but that is not what I said, and certainly not what I believe.

On the other hand, what is the factual basis of Bernal's assertion that "50 percent of Greek vocabulary" and an "even higher proportion of proper names cannot be explained in terms of Indo-European languages"? From what Bernal says, one might get the impression that more than half the words on any page in Homer's *Iliad* (the earliest Greek text we have) were not of Indo-European origin, whereas in fact there might be only a few, and even some of those, such as the so-called Pelasgian words, might have no analogue in any other known language.

In the Greek lexicon as a whole one can point to a small but significant percent of Semitic words (though even some of these may have come to the Phoenicians from an Indo-European source), and another small percentage of words whose origin is simply unknown. It is not surprising that not a few proper names are foreign, because such names (like items of trade) travel. Even so the vast majority of names on early Greek inscriptions are resolutely Indo-European.

It is only when Greeks settled in Egypt in the third century B.C. and after that we find significant numbers of names with both Greek and Egyptian elements, or compound names such as Isidorus. There is no doubt that during this period there was considerable cultural exchange between Greeks and Egyptians, not simply in religion and mathematics, but also in areas such as law and the status of women.

It would be helpful if Bernal had explained why the title "Egyptian" or "Egypto-Semitic" would not have offered a more precise description of the contents of his study. And why insist that classicists follow a misleading "Aryan model," unless it is to suggest, however indirectly, that classicists still believe and wish to promulgate Nazi-style notions of Aryan superiority? In fact classicists routinely speak about the *Indo-European* elements of Greek culture, and discuss analogies with Sanskrit language and myths, or (to put it in Bernal's terms) *Indian* Athena.

I am glad to have Professor Bernal's denial that he is an Afrocentrist. Still, his ideas have had consequences. They have been taken up by Afrocentrists such as Leonard Jeffries, who have seized on the term "Aryan" to characterize classicists as latter-day white supremacists. But why is a new lie that helps promote false notions of "history" superior to the old lie about black inferiority? Young people who learn these new (or any other) lies about history will grow into adults who are unable to distinguish between what they want to be true and what is true. And some of the responsibility, I fear, will be Professor Bernal's. •

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FROM WASHINGTON

Colonel of truth

"How can I ever repay you for your kindness, Mr. Reed?" said Luke, overjoyed.

"I have taken a fancy to you, Luke," said his companion. "I hope to do more for you soon."

—*Struggling Upward; or Luke Larkin's Luck*, by Horatio Alger Jr. (1886)

"First, I want to thank you, not just for saving me from the draft, but for being so kind and decent to me last summer.... Please say hello to Col. Jones for me."

—letter to Col. Eugene Holmes of the Arkansas ROTC, by Bill Clinton (1969)

Until last week, the most vivid depiction of a Rhodes scholar in literature was in Max Beerbohm's 1911 novel of Oxford, *Zuleika Dobson*. Beerbohm's joke was that Americans are unconsciously verbose:

"Like most of my countrymen, I am a man of few words. We are habituated out there to act rather than talk. Judged from the viewpoint of your beautiful old civilization, I am aware my curtness must seem crude. But, gentlemen, believe me, right here—"

"Dinner is served, your Grace."

Thus interrupted, Mr. Oover, with the resourcefulness of a practiced orator, brought his thanks to a quick but not abrupt conclusion....

But we now have a far richer exposition of the Rhodes scholar mentality in Bill Clinton's famous letter—written exactly half a lifetime ago—explaining why he would not after all be joining the University of Arkansas Reserve Officers Training Corps. Connoisseurs recognized it immediately as a masterpiece of the genre.

I was sorry to see that snide little poke at Clinton's Rhodes scholar credential and connections in last week's TNR "Notebook" section, as I have been brooding on this subject for a while. The release of Clinton's 23-year-old letter confirms that he is a classic Rhodes scholar type. That's not, or at least not entirely, an insult: it's a classic American type, too.

What is most poignant about the letter is that Clinton didn't need to write it. He had already reneged on his previous summer's commitment to join ROTC. And he was already safe from the draft, due to a high number in the lottery two days before. But he had cultivated a relationship with this Col. Holmes, had "promised to let you hear from me at least once a month." He clearly couldn't bear the thought that Col. Holmes might turn against him for this betrayal. And very likely he couldn't bear the thought in his own mind that his friendship with the older man had been a mere cynical calculation. So he writes of his "depth of feeling," his "anguish," his sleepless nights. He hopes to impress the colonel—and himself—with the shining sincerity of his confession that "I had no interest in the ROTC program in itself."

The letter ends with the fatal words, "Please say hello to Col. Jones for me." Another colonel! Young Clinton had had a busy summer. But this colonel was not impressed. In an ironic twist Horatio Alger would not have appreciated, Col. Jones saved the letter and nursed his resentment for twenty-three years, then released both.

When people talk about a "Horatio Alger success story," they usually have in mind someone who lifted himself up by his own bootstraps. But that is not what Horatio Alger's stories were like at all. The typical Horatio Alger hero succeeds by impressing a successful older man or men with his sterling qualities. "'A thoroughly good boy, and a smart boy, too!' said Armstrong to himself. 'I must see if I can't give him a chance to rise. He seems absolutely reliable.'" These days we call this sort of thing "mentoring."

The way you get a Rhodes scholarship is to solicit eight recommendations, compose a personal essay, and then submit to a series of intense interviews by a selection committee. The committee is composed of local dignitaries, mostly former Rhodes scholars, in your state and region. The whole procedure is an institutionalized Horatio Alger story, an orgy of mentoring.

The qualities this process tends to reward are well displayed in the Clinton letter. Above all there is the difficult combination of slick ambition and earnest, almost naive, idealism. Unction and real charm do battle almost sentence by sentence. No one reading Clinton's letter can doubt that this intelligent young man is sincerely opposed to the Vietnam War. Equally, no one can doubt that he buffaloed the ROTC colonels and is trying to buffalo them again. His anguish over making the right moral choices in his life is believable and touching. Less touching is the suspicion that what's best for Bill Clinton will usually turn out to be the right thing to do.

A related quality is self-dramatization—also partly appealing in a heartfelt youthful way, but not completely attractive. At one level, there is the reflexive bragging of the practiced résumé stuffer: "One of the national organizers of the Vietnam Moratorium is a close friend of mine.... For a law seminar at Georgetown, I wrote a paper...." At another level, there is the melodrama of anguish and self-doubt, the "eating compulsively and reading until exhaustion brought sleep." (However, "the particulars of my personal life are not nearly as important to me as the principles involved.") At yet another level is the bland conviction that destiny calls: "For years I have worked to prepare myself for a political life characterized by both practical political ability and concern for rapid social progress. It is a life I still feel compelled to try to lead."

It's no surprise that so many Rhodes scholars go into politics. Idealism and ambition observe a strange but comfortable truce in the heads of the best politicians as well. Politicians tend to have the same ravenous need for approval, and the same skill at evoking it.

Some observers of the Rhodes phenomenon (and there are those who study it obsessively, including some of the lab specimens themselves) believe that Rhodes scholars actually make bad politicians because they expect to be handed rewards rather than begging for them. Rhodes scholars thrive, goes the theory, at being appointed to prestigious posts, not at winning mass elections. They're good at pandering up, not so good at pandering down. That's why a Rhodes scholar will never be president. Goes the theory.

We shall see. It's true that someone like Bill Bradley seems to think he should be selected for the presidency by a panel of distinguished fellows, and beyond that he won't trouble to exert himself. But Clinton is, from all reports, a natural-born politician who truly enjoys it in its most retail aspects.

Let's not be too hard on Bill Clinton. He's a good boy, and a smart boy, too. We must see if we can't give him a chance to rise. He seems relatively reliable.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

MARCH 9, 1992

A SPECIAL OLYMPICS

The front-runner for the nomination is fatally wounded; a late surge by a challenger, who is still widely regarded as preposterously unqualified for the presidency, makes his fellow partisans even more nervous of impending defeat in November. Should another candidate be enjoined to enter the race? In our view, the answer to this question is yes. But the party for whom such a scenario now beckons is the Republican Party, not the Democratic.

The extraordinary success of the Buchanan candidacy in New Hampshire is a disgrace for his party and his country, but above all for his president. Buchanan is the repository of the darkest strains in American life: anxiety, intolerance, parochialism, fear. Buchanan's scarcely concealed bigotry toward blacks, Jews, homosexuals, and foreigners, his protectionism, his Bush-like campaign conversion to economic populism, and his slick manipulation of the media make him a spectacular embarrassment to his party. That an incumbent Republican president, in the wake of a popular war, was unable to muster more than 58 percent of the vote against this pulpit bully is as severe an indictment of the Bush administration's vacuous drift as we are likely to find.

Will another Republican fill the vacuum? We doubt it. The most obvious contender is Jack Kemp, who has all but declared his open dissent from the White House and is at least seriously engaged with this country's economic and social problems. But loyalty will surely force him to lie low for another four years. Too bad. Of the remnants of Reaganism—Buchanan's poujadism and Kemp's bleeding-heart conservatism—the latter is infinitely preferable.

What of the Democrats? Their plight is not as dire as the conventional wisdom now suggests. The thorough failure of Tom Harkin and Bob Kerrey in New Hampshire is a welcome sign that the party has turned its back on old politics and new messiahs. Paul Tsongas's success, as a "pro-business Democrat," may be a sign that the party is beginning to rediscover a public discourse divorced from the special interest groups and dogmas of the left. In 1992 the winner of the New Hampshire primary spoke of means-testing Social Security and supported nuclear power; 72 percent of the Democratic vote went to candidates who supported the fast track free-trade agreement with Mexico. These are indications that the reforms that have swept the liberal parties of every other Western country in the last decade have finally gripped the Democrats at a presidential level. There is still the chance of slippage, of course. Clinton's manic desire to please any constituency he can find may well lead him toward the special-interest left in the coming months. Whether he can resist this temptation—particularly on welfare and defense—will be a good test of his strength as a candidate, and a much more telling one than his youthful weaseling out of the draft.

Those in the Democratic Party who are now frantically calling for a new candidate should relax. The current candidates, however flawed, have one quality their spectral rivals do not: they have had the temerity to campaign, to place their careers and personal lives under klieg-light scrutiny for a prize they urgently want. No one else has done this. Mario Cuomo's sanctimonious non-campaign is a sign not of moral scrupulousness but of political cowardice, and it was fittingly rewarded in New Hampshire. It should never be rewarded, except in dire circumstances, and those circumstances, while not inconceivable in the future, are surely not upon us now.

Both Tsongas and Clinton have revealed themselves as worthy of respect. They have come through ordeals most of us happily do not experience, ordeals that still cloud their futures. Tsongas's health is a concern, but his message is an astringent one, his flat, dogged sincerity a perfect foil for Bush's fitful, screeching cynicism. Clinton, in contrast, is all pol: a man whose recent scandals would have demolished a less determined candidate. His draft letter shows the same character: at once smarmy and sincere, calculating and naive, unable to discern the difference between his own and the public's good, disguising fear with bravery and finally fusing the two. This is a combustible mixture, and it displays itself in unnerving drive. This drive is a quality the Democrats have not seen in a presidential contender for years. While it may not recommend Clinton as a human being, it is surely a virtue in a candidate. And it is a virtue the Democrats should not too blithely throw away. •

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NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "While the press is here, was there—did the Democratic governors meet, and is there any feeling that we shouldn't press to try to get something done by March 20th? Do we—is there—can anyone—is there a spokesman on that point? Because what I would like to suggest—not that you'd have to sign every 't' and 'i' but that we urge Congress to move by that date. And if that date isn't good, what date? Is there feeling on that one?" —February 3, to the National Governors' Association
(thanks to Ned Martel, Washington, D.C.)

BUSHISM McNUGGETS:
"All I was doing was appealing for an endorsement, not suggesting you endorse it." —February 3, to Colorado Governor Roy Romer

"Get this [economic plan] passed. Later on, we can all debate it." —February 12, to New Hampshire legislators

"I'm all for Lawrence Welk. Lawrence Welk is a wonderful man. He used to be, or was, or—wherever he is now, bless him." —February 16, defending his request for a line-item veto

STRANGE BEDFELLOW DEPT.: In Illinois a black Cook County official, Carol Moseley Braun, is running against incumbent Senator Alan J. Dixon. Braun declared for office after Dixon, an ineffectual Chicago machine hack, voted to confirm Clarence Thomas to the U.S. Supreme Court. Dixon has, however, secured the endorsement of Black Muslim leader Wallace Dean Mohammed, the son of the late Elijah Muhammad. Like Dixon, Mohammed supported Thomas's confirmation. Nonetheless, Thomas opponent Paul Simon helped Dixon arrange for Mohammed to become the first Islamic clergyman to deliver the Senate's morning invocation on February 6, and co-hosted a Senate reception for him in Washington. Among the co-sponsors of the party were black Chicago Representatives Charles A. Hayes and Cardiss Collins, but not Gus Savage, whose links are to Mohammed's chief rival, Louis Farrakhan. Whether Savage is for Dixon or Braun, or Clarence Thomas or Anita Hill, remains undetermined at this time.

A WORD TO THE RATIONAL: Don't miss "Objectivism '92," an upcoming conference of Ayn Rand disciples. A brochure offers the following stimulus to attendance: "None of us will live long enough to see a fully rational society. But if over many days, you listen primarily to rational ideas and talk primarily with rational people, it is possible to have the emotional experience of what it will feel like to live in a rational world. It can be an extraordinary, exhilarating experience.... From June 27 to July 12, 1992, the Fort Magruder Inn will be the most rational and exciting place on earth." Freudians need not apply.

SPRING HEDGING:

Don't put off getting house ready for sale

—*Baltimore Sun*, real estate section, February 9

It doesn't pay to spend lots of time getting your house ready for market

—same paper, same day, same story
(thanks to George Tyson, Baltimore, Maryland)

NEWS FLASH:

New files may link Bush to Horton TV ads

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, February 6
(thanks to Robert Fee, Cincinnati, Ohio)

BLOWING HOT AND COLD:

Washington, Odd Man Out, May Shift On Climate

With Sununu gone, U.S. may abandon roadblock stance at crucial talks on global warming.

—*The New York Times*, February 18

Global Warming Pact Talks to Resume

'No Appreciable Change' Seen in U.S. Stance Against Binding Goals

—*The Washington Post*, same day

ROSTENKOWSKISM OF THE WEEK: "Bill Lipinksi—absolutely in space. You walk in a mine field of eggs when you start doing that." —House Ways and Means Committee chairman Dan Rostenkowski on fellow Chicago Representative William Lipinski's proposal to ban Japanese car imports for five years. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, by the way, Lipinksi drives a Fiat X1/9. •

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The Crusaders—Healing The Wounds (GRP) 419·952

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Joe Sample—Ashes To Ashes (Warner Bros.) 414·151

The Best Of John Coltrane (Atlantic) 412·114

The Best Of Freddie Hubbard (Epic/Associated) 410·738

Wynton Marsalis—Uptown Ruler Vol. II Soul Gestures In Southern Blue (Columbia) 425·595

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Bob James—Grand Piano Canyon (Warner Bros.) 408·906

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Best Of George Benson (CBS Associated) 403·246

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Sarah Vaughan—The Divine (Columbia) 374·280/394·288

John Coltrane—Giant Steps (Atlantic) 371·591

Dizzy Gillespie—The Best Of Dizzy Gillespie (Pablo) 367·557

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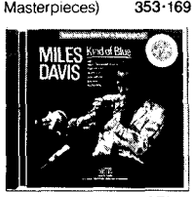

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Van Halen—For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge (Warner Bros.) 420·273

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George Benson/Earl Klugh—Collaboration (Warner Bros.) 356·501

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The Best Of Art Farmer (Epic/Associated) 410·746

Harry Connick, Jr.—We Are In Love (Columbia) 406·645

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Stan Getz—Serenity (Emarcy) 426·130

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HO CHI MINH POSTCARD

STILL IN SAIGON

By James Grady

Call it *Saigon.* Ho Chi Minh City is a fantasy that's as thin as the Communist posters peeling from the walls of the American Embassy. Live, it's Saturday night at the Apocalypse Now bar, a black-walled cavern the size of a gas station service bay. In this midnight hour, Apocalypse Now is jammed with an expatriate and backpacking Euro-Australian tourist crowd that spills out the bar's open front to sidewalk tables that sport red and orange umbrellas advertising J&B scotch. Rock 'n' roll blares from speakers in ceiling portals, where air conditioners reigned back in *the American daze,* when this was another bar under another name no one remembers. "Rock the Casbah" folds into Eric Clapton's "Cocaine," which segues into Jim Morrison intoning "The End." The bartender slaps a new cassette in the stereo, and Robin Williams wails through the smoky air: "Goood mornnning, Vi-et-nam!"

Only the lone American in the bar reacts to that primal scream. The Robin Williams movie sound track slides into Martha Reeves and the Vandellas: *"Nowhere to run to, Baby, nowhere to hide . . . "*

Marlon Brando's cue-ball countenance leers down from a plastic-sheathed *Apocalypse Now* movie poster hung from one of the bar's black walls. The poster bears a Martin Sheen autograph. This is Saigon, anything could be true. The bar's been open about seven months; its proprietor claims to be a war veteran—of Vietnam's 1978 incursion into Cambodia.

Also called Cafe 42 (for its address, 42 Dong Du Street), the bar is a few blocks from the Rex Hotel, where in the '60s American military officers stayed, and even closer to the Continental Hotel, where Graham Greene set much of his 1955 novel of the French-Indochina War, *The Quiet American,* a tale starring a well-intentioned, Ivy League Yankee whose geopolitical strategies dissolve into death.

This bar and country are gearing up to celebrate Tet, the new year: 1992 will be the Year of the Monkey. A couple of Monkeys ago it was 1968: that Tet marked the beginning of the end of the American war, when a massive, bloody offensive that was a military defeat for the Communists became their political victory by shattering geopolitical dogmas of the American public.

But as the new Monkey dances closer, three other dates haunt Vietnam: the first is April 30, 1975, "Reunification Day," when the last American helicoptered off the embassy roof and the Communists solidified their power over a country divided since the end of the French war. Thousands of Vietnamese linked to the old regime went to "re-education" camps: one camp graduate who was a doctor in the South Vietnamese army now chauffeurs a Toyota for a politically connected Saigon entrepreneur. After Reunification, bar girls burned letters from American GIs, scraped off their nail polish, and roughened their hands in gravel to disguise their decadent history. The former vice chair of the Vietnamese National Assembly (a position akin to that of U.S. Senate Majority Whip Wendell Ford) closed her law practice. "That law, it was, you know, capitalist, French, and . . . " A Gallic shrug of her shoulders as she stands beneath a portrait of Ho Chi Minh on the second floor of her home-business: "Thank God I had the foresight to open a restaurant here in my law office."

The second temporal specter is 1986, when Vietnam began its version of glasnost: *doi moi*—"renovation." Lenin's statue still stands in Hanoi, but he's nervous. Instead of heroic Marxist struggle stories, Vietnamese novelists now write about bitter war veterans, and pen romances in which foreigners fall in love with Vietnamese girls they meet in Hanoi. The new trend in cinema, according to a Vietnamese producer, is "light comedy." Small private businesses are everywhere—especially in Saigon, where Asian capitalism never surrendered. *Doi moi* grows as the Soviet Union dissolves—by necessity as well as Vietnamese design. The Soviets provided rubles, spare parts for Vietnam's national airline, and even Moscow wizards who kept the glass-encased corpse of Ho Chi Minh from turning into dust in his Hanoi mausoleum. As the Soviets fade away, Japanese, British, French, Hong Kong, Korean, Taiwanese, Thai, and Singaporean businessmen stream into the country, seeking joint ventures in this land with rich natural resources and a populace industrious enough to work productively under carpet bombing by B-52s.

Which leads to the third crucial date haunting Vietnam: the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come, when the United States finally lifts its trade embargo. When that beast slouches round at last, Yankee traders will be a day late and a dollar short: Visa cards are already welcome in major Saigon hotels—but, because of the U.S. embargo, the cards can't be American. In the Apocalypse Now bar, the $5 T-shirts come in two philosophies: the standard, red letters on white cotton bar logo kind, and a version that's also emblazoned "End The Embargo."

T-shirt sloganeering is as political as it gets in the Apocalypse Now. In this crowd, *lingua franca* is American dollars or Vietnamese dong (about 11,500 dong to the dollar). A Swedish tourist buys a milky glass of home-brew, a yellow liquid in which floats a meter-long green snake. The liquor promises sexual potency and oblivion, not necessarily in that order. Cyclo drivers (bicycle-powered rickshaws) and street kids line the sidewalk outside, eyes white in the night. Further out into Saigon's streets are beggars: armless men whispering, "The war, the war," and ragged women cradling dead-looking babies. Such beggars are scarce in the more austere and still idealistic Hanoi.

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Most of the few Vietnamese patrons of the Apocalypse Now are women, and they are more bar girls than hookers, a distinction of virtue that may have its price. A slim twentysomething Vietnamese beauty with permed ebony tresses and shocking pink lipstick wears an ankle-length, ivory gauze frock. She mingles, studied intently by her 10-year-old sister, who's afraid one of the foreign *party animals* will spill beer on her own white dress. The older sister moves like liquid wind, purrs intently in English to strangers about the aesthetic worth of silicone injections to make lips bigger "like Mitch-ell Fi-fer." During a reggae version of "To Love Somebody," an urchin darts into the revelry, snatches the wallet of a Swiss tourist, and vanishes in the night. A Korean electronics executive sips his 7-Up. The Doors' "Light My Fire" whips the crowd into dancing, some atop the counters and bar, some with giggling street boys perched on their shoulders. German tourists think the kids are adorable; the Hanoi government, which with some credibility once boasted a 95 percent literacy rate, now worries about a truancy rate of 28 percent.

Two of the bar girls are veterans, old friends—"not many of us left" from "back before," when Americans were the rule, not the exception in Saigon. In Hanoi and Saigon, the rare Americans are warmly received. One of the Apocalypse Now's veteran bar girls says she's 41; insists the other is in her 50s. Their English is good, their eyes are empty. The younger one says she started "partying" in bars when she was 14 and "didn't know anything, just a good time, you know, GIs." There's a rumor forty-five American vets are due back in Saigon for a visit, and she's vaguely curious if they'll end up in the Apocalypse Now. She nods toward the beauty in the ivory dress, says: "These kids today know more, smarter. If I knew then what they do . . . " She trails off, shrugs. *Are they really smarter?* She hears the question, shrugs. Asks for a cigarette.

JAMES GRADY is a Washington-based novelist, screenwriter, and journalist.

Rape in Pakistan.

UNVEILED

By Melissa Robinson

PESHAWAR, PAKISTAN

In this feudal land, where family and tribal honor are prized above all and no insult or injury goes unavenged, a man can hurt his enemy most by raping his wife. The embodiment of the clan's strength and dignity, Pakistani women are often traded to enemies in the settlement of disputes, from offhand slander to willful killing. They are, literally, commodities. In the province of Sind, people still follow the custom of "blood price," wherein a murder can be forgiven if a woman is given in marriage to the avenging side. "There is a closeness of women and property in every sense," says Nafisa Shah, a writer for *Newsline*, a progressive, English-language magazine run by women in Karachi. "It is a man's world."

Recently, however, two highly publicized rapes committed—it is widely believed—for political purposes have forced the issue into the national spotlight. They have sparked unprecedented demonstrations and public debate, giving Pakistan's fledgling feminist movement hope that the shroud of secrecy and disgrace that envelopes rape will finally begin to lift.

Farhana "Veena" Hyat, a wealthy, divorced mother from a prominent family—she is the daughter of Muslim League leader Sadar Shaukat Hyat—reported being gang-raped for twelve hours in her Karachi home in November. A close friend of former Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto, Hyat was allegedly attacked by provincial government operatives acting with police protection. At least one key Sindi official implicated in the crime, who was cleared by an investigatory tribunal because there was no evidence against him except Hyat's word, is the son-in-law of Pakistan's president, Ghulam Ishaq Khan, a political foe of Bhutto's. The Hyat rape followed a similar attack on Khursheed Begum, the wife of another activist in Bhutto's Pakistan People's Party. The cases galvanized the emotions of the nation due in part to the prominence of the victims, and because rape had never before been committed in the name of politics.

Pakistan, though probably on par with other nations in terms of the numbers of random rapes that occur, is uniquely troubled by the "power rape" phenomenon, as well as formidable obstacles such as the so-called Hudood laws that favor rapists. Four adult Muslim males must witness rape before it can be proved under law. "Our jails are full of 8- and 9-year-old girls who cannot prove they have been raped," says Hilda Saeed, managing editor of *National Health Magazine* and a member of the Women's Action Forum, an organization of 1,000 members. Such laws were brought into effect more than a dozen years ago by the late Pakistani President Zia ul Haq, who sought to ingratiate himself with religious elements through Islamization of the legal code.

The cultural impediments to reporting rape are comparably daunting. The crime has long existed in shadows of shame and stigmatization. Pakistani women battling rape must contend with the same psychological bias confronting victims elsewhere: namely that a woman who has been raped must have provoked the attack. In Pakistan, where a brother may kill his sister for dishonoring the family by being seen in the company of an unrelated man, it is widely held that a woman who claims she has been raped has behaved

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immorally. Considered an adulteress, she may be jailed and put at further risk, as incidents of rape in police custody are also high, according to War Against Rape, a two-year-old offshoot of a larger women's network on the verge of opening Pakistan's first rape crisis center in Karachi. In the case of Begum, it was widely reported that her brother, upon hearing of her rape, told her it would be better if she buried herself alive. "This is a very normal reaction," says Shah. "A woman is not expected to speak out."

Breaking with conventional silence, Hyat's elderly father made the attack upon his daughter public. That won him the scorn of relatives—who said the family name should not be sullied by bringing the crime into the open—as well as praise from those who are eager for rape victims to find the strength to come forward. "It's the first time someone has spoken out really loudly," says Shah. "A lot of women are going to follow her example." But Bhutto drew sharp criticism for publicly embracing Hyat to express condolence, in a country where tradition says unrelated men and women should not be even in the same room together. And members of Hyat's Khattar tribe—who live in territories governed by codes of honor and revenge beyond the government jurisdiction—have vowed to prosecute the rape the old-fashioned way, by finding and killing those responsible.

In a patriarchal country, women, especially those living in poverty without adequate education, see little advantage to voicing their objections to something that is an ingrained cultural reality. In interviews and casual discussions with professional women in Peshawar and Karachi—liberated by Pakistani standards, in that they are pursuing careers with the support of their families—most were reticent on the Hyat case. "This is just politics," said one dismissively.

Sara Suleri is a Yale University English professor and Lahore native who has written an award-winning book on life in Pakistan. She returns there each year and remains "pessimistic" about legal change. She concedes, however, that the political clout of women has evolved so that even the government "can't ignore the fact that this is a very powerful and very vocal group." Pakistan, in her view, is a country at a crossroads, a homeland of ample opportunity, hampered by maddeningly tenacious reactionary practices: "When I go back there, besides how grim things are," Suleri says, "I see tons of extremely bright, extremely committed, and extremely dignified people who aren't prepared to sit back and let the country go to ruin."

Perhaps the best hope of Pakistani feminism is that women, as well as their male supporters, will be spurred by the Hyat and Begum cases to speak out against the crime of rape. Although there is some movement to change the Hudood laws—War Against Rape has filed court positions claiming they are unconstitutional—activists concede they will be extremely difficult to repeal. "The only thing we can do," says Tehmina Ahmed, a contributing editor at *Newsline*, "is keep the issue alive."

MELISSA ROBINSON is a Washington correspondent for Scripps League Newspapers.

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

HAPPY CAMPERS

By Robert Bazell

HAVANA

Juan Carlos Castellano is the poster child of Cuba's AIDS control program. He has spoken to foreign reporters more often than any of the other residents of the "sanitariums" where Cuba quarantines all its citizens who are infected with the AIDS virus. He stared with intense black eyes as I asked him how he dealt with his confinement. "I object to your word confinement," he replied testily. "You are talking about some concept of personal freedom formulated in the United States, not here. I am not kept in confinement." He went on to say how almost all Cubans, inside and outside the sanitariums, support the program. Government officials and people on the streets express similar sentiments. Most recite that AIDS facilities are not prisons, but simply an example of how in a socialist state individuals make sacrifices for the good of the society.

Castellano admits he was not always so enthusiastic a spokesman for the effort. A physician, he learned he was HIV-positive after a blood donation in 1986. That year Cuba had built its first AIDS sanitarium in Santiago de Las Vegas. Residents lived behind walls. Officials prohibited visitors. Castellano recalls intense depression and anger in those first years. But the program, he claims, has evolved some. Sanitariums are now scattered throughout the country so residents can be closer to their families. The residents can receive visitors and get passes to go out for a few hours or days, though only after they convince a team of physicians, psychologists, and social workers they will not infect anyone. Castellano leaves often with his lover, Raul, who is also infected. The way they appear walking around Havana, both thin and stylishly dressed, they could move easily through the streets of New York or San Francisco and attract little notice. At times Juan Carlos wears a T-shirt with a pink triangle and the words "*silencio = muerte*," the ACT-UP slogan in Spanish. But when their pass expires, the men must return to their room at the Santiago de Las Vegas sanitarium.

I had asked to visit that sanitarium. The request was denied. Officials allowed me instead to go to a model facility that houses twenty-two residents in the town of Matan-

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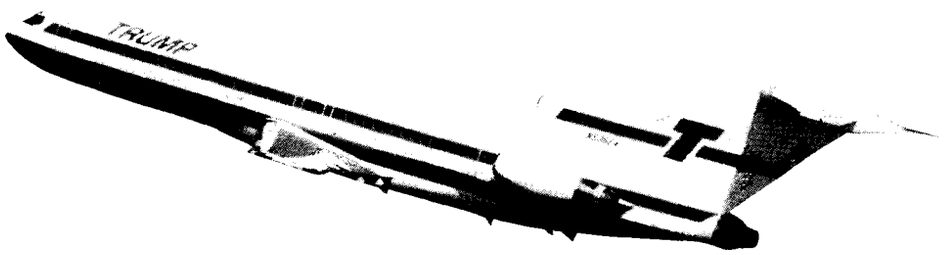

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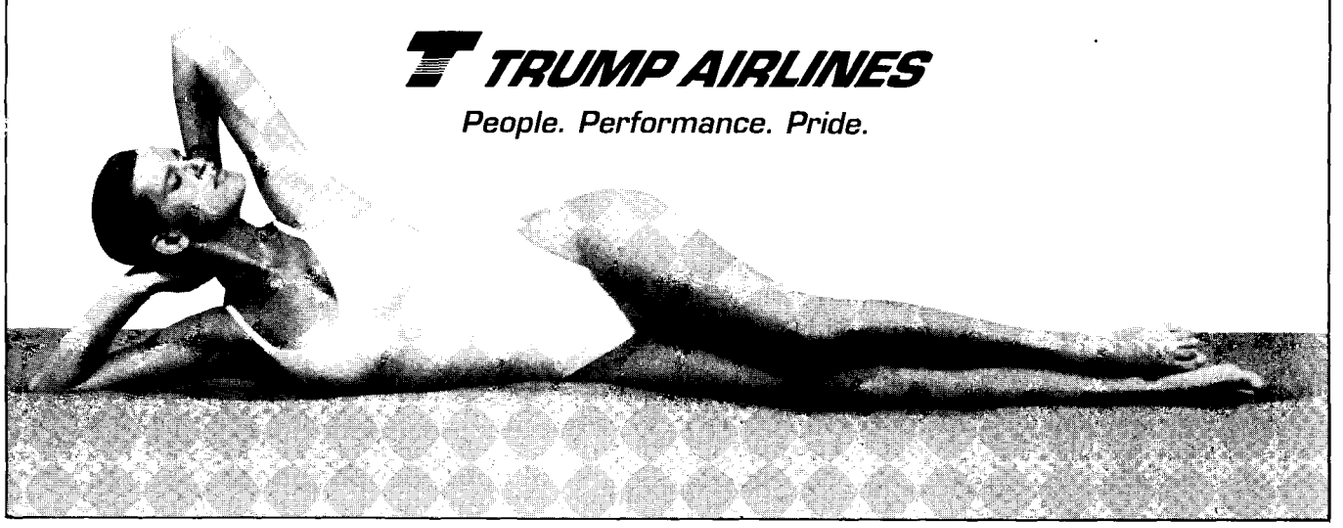

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zas, sixty miles east of Havana. Unexpectedly on the morning of the visit, I was told that (suspiciously) half the residents had to be taken away for medical check-ups. Among the limited sample I was allowed to speak with, some were lively and seemed direct. Guillermo Fernandez, a wiry young man, has been active in Cuba's AIDS education program, appearing with musicians at rock concerts staged by the government to promote awareness of the disease among young people. He lives at the sanitarium with his wife, who is also seropositive.

I asked him how their quarters compared with their former home. "I lived in a big and comfortable house before," he said, "but even if I had lived in a hut I would have preferred it to this." Still Fernandez says he supports the program. "We are sheltered here.... Society still does not accept us as we are, and so this is really a refuge." Two people I spoke with had served in Ethiopia, the man as a soldier, the woman as a nurse, and both had been infected there. They had never met until they moved into the sanitarium, where they married. Doctors told me the woman, strikingly attractive with shoulder-length hair, had put on a lot of weight due to the lack of activity at the sanitarium. She answered my questions with single syllables. Her husband spoke more, but remained subdued. "The idea that we are prisoners is erroneous," he told me. "Of course I have this disease and I have to be here. I think this is the best place for those of us who carry the AIDS virus." To what extent the comments were heartfelt or the required rhetoric of people who are forceably detained (or, worse, both), I have no way of knowing.

The Matanzas sanitarium is a pleasant collection of tiny cabins, originally built to house construction workers. The individual units appear devoid of personal effects. The couple who served in Ethiopia have a tattered poster on their wall proclaiming in English the delights of Ethiopia's sunshine. In some units simple paintings or embroideries adorn the walls, but there is little else. The food I ate there tasted fine, especially by the standards of scarcity in Cuba's "special period" following the collapse of the Soviet Union. But whether they see themselves as confined or not, the residents admit to enduring a life of boredom.

Every time a Cuban comes in contact with the country's extensive health care system or returns from an overseas trip of three months or more, he or she is tested for the AIDS virus. Officials say they have administered 12 million AIDS tests to the country's 10 million residents. Patients sick from AIDS get standard treatment in a hospital. But all HIV-positive people who are healthy must move immediately to a sanitarium. Despite visiting privileges and occasional passes, the quarantine is for life. There is no question that with its draconian policy Cuba has contained the AIDS virus more successfully than any other country. While AIDS ravages other nations of the Caribbean and Latin America, Cuba has reported only 773 infections, 108 cases of full-blown AIDS, and 60 deaths. Dr. Hector Tery, the deputy health minister responsible for implementing the program, said Cuba is "satisfied—not proud—we are satisfied with the progress in this program."

Cuba was able to implement its quarantine program in large part because AIDS arrived late here compared with many other countries. By contrast, a million people were infected in the United States before anyone knew AIDS existed. The American trade embargo kept Cuba from buying U.S. blood products, so Cuban hemophiliacs were protected. Western tourists who travel here are socially isolated from Cubans and few Cubans travel abroad, which limits the sexual spread of disease. And, officials say, there is little intravenous drug use.

As with many of the country's policies, bureaucrats attribute Cuba's relative success in containing AIDS to almost divine prophecies from Fidel. Dr. Jorge Perez, who runs the AIDS program, told me that in 1983, when there were only a few thousand cases known in the world, Castro visited the Tropical Medicine Institute and said that "AIDS would soon threaten large areas of the world" and Cuba must establish a policy to resist it.

It was not until 1986 that doctors detected the first cases of HIV infection in Cuba, mostly among "internationalist" heroes—troops returning from fighting for Marxist revolutions in Angola, Mozambique, and Ethiopia. This enabled the Castro government to quarantine infected people without facing charges of locking up a group it found socially undesirable. Most of the original cases resulted from heterosexual contact, but now about 40 percent of Cuban HIV infections are among gay men, and that number is climbing rapidly. Cuba's gay scene is not entirely hidden. On certain street-corners, obviously gay men can be seen cruising. Both they and the government insist that Cuba no longer locks up homosexuals as it did in years immediately after Castro's revolution. But the public AIDS education campaign is aimed entirely at young heterosexuals and appears not even to acknowledge homosexual spread.

Dr. Perez, a compassionate physician trained in Canada, is credited with liberalizing the AIDS effort by knocking down the walls, and allowing visitors and passes. He implies that he would like to move toward a system where infected people would live at home and be treated as outpatients. But there is no indication that this will happen soon. "The whole matter," he says, is that "the patients have a little bit of their freedom restricted in exchange for protecting the society." In other places, he says, "education alone has not done anything to stop the spread of AIDS. Everyone talks about education, but almost no one changes their sexual behavior." There is no question that by locking up HIV-positive people, Cuba gets them to change their sexual behavior. But how long Cuba will remain relatively AIDS-free is unclear. Along the *malecón*, the sea wall around Havana, young male and female prostitutes sell their bodies for dollars that will buy the increasingly scarce necessities of life. Cubans say there were none of them six months ago and now more appear every night.

ROBERT BAZELL is the science correspondent for NBC News.

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How to sue 'Playboy.'

BUNDY'S REVENGE

By Maureen Dezell

Staff members in Kentucky Senator Mitch McConnell's office got a chuckle early in February when the conservative Republican couldn't show up for a Larry King show on sweeping anti-pornography legislation he has sponsored. Radical feminist Page Mellish took his place.

McConnell's Pornography Victims' Compensation Act, now before the Senate Judiciary Committee, would allow victims or alleged victims of sex crimes to sue producers and distributors of obscenity if they could prove the crime was somehow incited by the material. Dubbed the Bundy Bill (after serial killer Ted Bundy, who claimed, the night before his execution, that his addiction to hard-core pornography made him torture, maim, and murder), the proposal has the support of fundamentalist Christian organizations, "pro-family" lobbyists, as well as many feminists. As McConnell aide Scott Sowry puts it, "We're getting help from a lot of strange bedfellows on this one."

The McConnell bill received little attention until recently, in part because earlier versions would have allowed civil action against producers and vendors of *any* sexually explicit material and were clearly unconstitutional. Shortly before Judiciary Committee hearings on the bill last July, though, McConnell rewrote the act to apply only to obscenity and child pornography, neither of which has First Amendment protection. McConnell says he's confident his far-reaching measure has been crafted narrowly and cautiously enough to pass.

But the Pornography Victims' Compensation Act is neither narrowly nor cautiously crafted. The bill defines child pornography as "a description of a minor engaging in or participating in sexually explicit conduct," a definition that covers *Lolita*, the movie *Pretty Baby*, and the lyrics of countless pop songs (not to mention a few t..ditional ones). Just as worrying, as Bob Peck of the ..merican Civil Liberties Union puts it, is the fact that the bill would cause "a serious revision of First Amendment law and tort law, making someone else responsible for someone's intentional criminal act." Similar efforts to exercise social control by assigning liability to third parties (tobacco, alcohol, and gun merchandisers or distributors) have met with mixed results, even though these products are considered inherently dangerous. The link between sexually explicit material and violence, on the other hand, has never been proved.

As is well known, there is no national standard of obscenity. The "community standards" clause of the Supreme Court's 1973 *Miller* decision holds that if the average person in, say, Salt Lake City finds a movie obscene, it can be ruled so and banned from movie theaters and video stores there, even though no one in Los Angeles would bat an eye at the same film. Under the McConnell bill, a plaintiff would first have to convince a jury that obscene material was responsible for the harm she suffered. But something that's obscene in one locale may not be obscene in the place where it was produced or distributed. A plaintiff's community standards of obscenity, presumably stricter than those in media-production centers such as Los Angeles and New York, could soon become the national norm. It would only take a couple of six-figure awards before book or movie companies would begin self-censoring. Thus the bill would have the effect of making the strictest local standard of obscenity the national norm.

The standard would grow stricter still, since civil courts, where these cases would be filed, are more likely than their criminal counterparts to rule something obscene. Proof in tort law is based on a preponderance of evidence, rather than on the "beyond a reasonable doubt" standard in criminal cases. In fact, the accused in cases brought under a Pornography Victims' Compensation law wouldn't even have to have been convicted of a sex crime for a plaintiff to prevail.

Diane Zimmerman, an authority on the First Amendment at New York University Law School, offers one scenario of how cases brought under the McConnell bill would work. Juries first would be "asked to decide if the work is obscene—and therefore actionable—as part and parcel of a proceeding for damages brought by a plaintiff who may well have been horribly injured as a result of the assault in question." The jury, "faced with a victim seeking compensation for a heinous crime," is unlikely to make a dispassionate determination about whether the defendant produced or sold obscenity. Since plaintiffs would likely be suing media conglomerates for harm suffered, suits brought under the pornography victims' law would almost certainly be settled for significant sums.

Zimmerman predicts that such suits would prove as messy, contentious, and inconclusive as libel litigation. "Juries in those cases regularly find for the plaintiff, often making substantial awards, only to have appellate courts applying constitutional standards with greater dispassion reverse [the decisions]," she notes. "The pattern of litigation that has emerged in the libel context is costly for the courts and, if carried over into this setting, can have the effect of discouraging dissemination of a wide range of sexually explicit, non-obscene speech simply to avoid the risk of defending costly suits or, worse, paying out large judgments for speech incorrectly defined as obscene."

The prospect of being blamed and held responsible for a violent sex crime simply because a plaintiff, defendant, or jury says something you put on the market caused the deed has unleashed a small but activist fury

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among publishers, producers, distributors, writers, authors, and artists. Many have protested to the Senate Judiciary Committee, whose liberal members, Joe Biden in particular, have expressed sympathy for their First Amendment concerns. That doesn't mean, of course, that a group of liberal senators is bound to band together and stand up to a conservative/feminist coalition touting an anti-pornography measure during an election year. That supporters of the law say their main goal is to stop violence against women won't make standing up to the bill any easier—particularly for Judiciary Committee liberals still reeling from charges of insensitivity to women's issues from the Thomas/Hill hearings last fall.

Feminists are divided on the issue. The McConnell bill incorporates tenets of an Andrew Dworkin/Catherine MacKinnon-sponsored ordinance that declares pornography a violation of women's civil rights, which passed the Minneapolis City Council in 1983, only to be vetoed by that city's mayor. Similar legislation, which received strong support from conservatives, was enacted in Indianapolis the following year but was struck down by a federal judge. Since then unsuccessful campaigns to allow women to sue for harm allegedly caused by porn have been waged in Cambridge, Los Angeles County, Madison, and in Michigan. A bill that would define pornography as a violation of women's civil liberties has been introduced in the Massachusetts legislature this year.

Mellish, who runs a group called Feminists Fighting Pornography, claims she's got the support of "the majority of grass-roots NOW members." Nationally, however, the National Organization for Women hasn't taken a public stand on the measure. The organization has "long had an official position opposing violence against women and pornography" but is also concerned about First Amendment rights, says Ginny Montez of NOW. After all, anti-obscenity efforts have been trained regularly on books such as *Our Bodies, Ourselves.* But how the group will handle the issue remains uncertain. NOW's new president, Patricia Ireland, contends that civil actions permitted by the McConnell bill could be "empowering" because they would allow female crime victims to determine what material is "acceptable." She has publicly congratulated McConnell for "doing a great service" in provoking discussion of the links between violent pornography and violence. But she hasn't endorsed his bill.

Mellish has. "We're happy to see the conservatives take our approach to this issue by shifting who's empowered," she says. "We're happy we're finally getting attention. The press has censored our movement because the press has a vested interest in the First Amendment.

"Ted Bundy, though, was a very smart man. He knew the night before he was executed that they'd have to pay attention. We owe a lot to Ted Bundy."

MAUREEN DEZELL is a staff writer for the *Boston Phoenix.*

Politically incorrect abortion.

BOYS ONLY

By Charlotte Allen

There is one Pennsylvania abortion restriction that is not before the Supreme Court right now: the state's 1989 ban on abortions solely for the purpose of destroying a fetus of an unwanted gender. The American Civil Liberties Union, which represents several abortion providers in the case, *Planned Parenthood of Southeastern Pennsylvania* v. *Casey,* has declined to mount a challenge to the sex-selection ban, so it will remain on Pennsylvania's books regardless of how the Supreme Court rules on other restrictions relating to notice, informed consent, and record-keeping.

The reason the ACLU gives for its decision not to include the sex-selection ban (which is the only specific one in the country) in its current lawsuit is that it could not find a client claiming injury from the law: a woman who wanted to abort her wrong-sex child (or who was willing to say so). "We couldn't find anyone who was affected," says Kathryn Kolbert, the ACLU lawyer who will argue the case before the Court, probably in April. "It's not a reality in Pennsylvania."

That may be, but elsewhere in the country, sex-selection abortion is becoming an issue among geneticists, medical ethicists, and some feminists. One reason is that sex-selection almost always means the abortion of a female fetus. There are other issues as well: trivializing abortion, creating "designer children" or designer birth order (first a boy, then a girl), and as prenatal genetic screening becomes more sophisticated, setting a precedent for aborting on the basis of mild genetic defects, undesirable physiological traits, and conceivably in the future, homosexuality or low IQ.

These are not entirely hypothetical concerns. Interviews with geneticists around the country suggest that there are at least several hundred requests a year from pregnant women to perform amniocentesis or the newer chorionic villus sampling (CVS) of placental tissue to determine fetal sex for reasons unconnected to transmitting a gender-linked disease such as hemophilia. The women are often under age 35, the recommended threshold age for screening for medical reasons. According to these geneticists, many of these women go on to abort a wrong-sex fetus. Most, although not all, of the abortions appear to occur among women from Asian countries where preference for male children is exceedingly strong and outright female infanticide not unheard of.

Geneticists are also slowly losing their once-strong aversion to performing prenatal screening to determine

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fetal sex—62 percent would do it nowadays or refer a patient to another geneticist, in contrast to only 1 percent in 1973, according to a 1989 book by public health researcher Dorothy C. Wertz and bioethicist John C. Fletcher. Yet public opinion in America appears strongly opposed to sex-selection abortion. A 1989 Gallup Poll revealed that 80 percent of respondents thought it was not just unethical, but should be outright illegal.

The emergence of sex-specific abortion represents not merely a troubling social development, but an acute dilemma for pro-choice feminists. What's at stake is a clash of absolutes: a woman's right to an abortion for any reason versus sex discrimination of the most vicious kind. The response of many feminists, however, is simply denial. "It's an irrelevant issue," says Rosemary Dempsey, a vice president of the National Organization for Women. "It's something that doesn't happen. The mainstream media is being duped by the anti-abortion people." Suppose there were a few women who actually were aborting on the basis of fetal sex? Wouldn't NOW at least have a moral position on the subject? "You're not hearing me," answers Dempsey. "The right to decide whether to terminate a pregnancy belongs to the woman, and I don't think women make decisions of that kind."

"It's a bogus issue," says Judith Lichtman, president of the Women's Legal Defense Fund. "I'm not answering your question because I'm being cute but because it really trivializes a very momentous decision. There are a lot of real problems out there." "We think it's a red herring," says Barbara Radford, executive director of the National Abortion Federation. (The National Abortion Rights Action League wouldn't answer my request for an interview on the topic.) The only dissenter is Judy Norsigian of the Boston Women's Health Book Collective, author of *The New Our Bodies, Ourselves.* "Of course it happens," she says. "It's not a problem if you look at it in terms of numbers, but it still happens. Some are saying that if it happens once, it's a problem. Most of us in this group think of it as a questionable moral position."

Of the several hundred women a year who manage to slip through the ethical net and procure gender tests without medical need, some are referred to abortionists who will terminate otherwise normal pregnancies with no questions asked. "We do a few of these," says Digamber S. Borgaonkar, director of the Delaware Medical Center's genetic screening laboratory and author of several textbooks on human genetics. "Not that we are officially informed [about why the woman wants to terminate the pregnancy]. People are sufficiently discreet about it. But some people will talk about a preferred sex. I was raised in India, and there is a preference for the male sex there. There is also an interest in population control. So if a culture prefers a male child, they prefer a male fetus."

"I personally oppose sex selection," says Mark Evans, director of the prenatal diagnosis program at Wayne State University's medical center. "I believe it is sex dis-

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crimination. But you've got to be careful about pointing a finger at a woman. We have had women call us up and ask if we can do a CVS on her for sex selection. We'll say we don't do that. But we'll find out she's 37 years old, so we'll do it. I'll know she's going to have a girl, and we don't do abortions for that reason. But we will help the patient if asked to find someone who will. A doctor has an obligation to present to the patient all her options. We have only a handful of these cases a year. Most people who want it are Third World—Arabs, Indians, Chinese."

John D. Stephens, a geneticist in San Jose, California, last year patented an ultrasound technique that detects a fetus's sex as early as eleven weeks into the pregnancy (conventional ultrasound does not reveal sex until the eighteenth week, when few women are willing to abort). Stephens markets his gender-spotting skills directly to the public via newspaper advertisements. He has built a practice among Sikh émigrés in this country and in Canada, despite the fact, he says, that most Bay Area obstetricians have stopped referring patients to him because he does sex screening. "I don't do abortions, and I don't do any counseling in the area," says Stephens. "What happens is that apparently people will come back to me. I'll see them again. I'll ask about the first pregnancy, and they'll say, 'I've terminated it.' It's almost always a girl. Or else they'll say, 'I've had a lovely little boy.' Who am I to make any moral judgment?"

This reaction from geneticists—disapproval of sex selection but a willingness to tolerate it and even participate passively in the process—has unsavory implications for the future. There have been recent scientific reports suggesting that homosexuality may have a genetic basis. What then? "I may be a Pollyanna, but we think that society's attitudes will be completely changed and parents will warmly accept their lesbian and gay children" by the time screening for homosexuality-linked genes becomes feasible, says Gregory King, spokesman for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, the nation's largest gay rights organization, which is also pro-choice.

The alternative, of course, is that the more people learn about their genes as time passes, the more picky they could become about the kind of children they want to have. Pre-conception sex selection via sperm separation is a growing business around the world. The public disapproval surrounding Los Angeles newscaster Bree Walker-Lampley's decision to bear, not abort, a child carrying her genes for fused fingers, a mild disability if there ever was one, has led even some pro-choicers to wonder whether there actually might be some moral value to having anti-sex selection laws like Pennsylvania's, even though a woman could easily bypass them by lying.

"Our members are absolutely pro-choice," says Andrew Kimbrell of the Foundation on Economic Trends, a non-profit group concerned with the economic and social effects of new technology. "But there's a *Newsweek* poll showing that 9 percent [of the public] would abort for cystic fibrosis and 11 percent if the fetus was predisposed to obesity. This kind of thing is on the increase, and more and more doctors are strongly pushing it." Kimbrell is in favor of laws banning sex-selection abortions, a position others in the pro-choice camp balk at. Part of their reason is that some Third World women face abuse from their husbands if they don't abort daughters; and part is that once it becomes against the law to abort a fetus just because it is female, people may start asking why it should be permissible to abort a fetus just because it is disabled or because its parents do not want it for other reasons.

But almost everyone who has thought seriously about the sex-selection issue believes there is something wrong with the studiously non-judgmental attitude of many in the medical community. Neither the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists nor the American Fertility Society has taken a position on sex selection. The prevailing norm for counseling on the issue among geneticists, abortion clinic personnel, and even many physicians is the "non-directive" variety that is an offshoot of the values-clarification movement, which teaches that people should discover their own values instead of being told what is right and wrong. But this neutrality doesn't always hold sway in practice. "They're taught to try to be non-judgmental," says Norsigian of the Boston Women's Health Book Collective. "But when it comes to something like Down's syndrome, most physicians have been extremely directive and even obnoxious. They will even say, 'We'll be scheduling an abortion for you.' This happens even when the extent of the disability is very mild."

As sex selection in America moves out of Third World ghettos and becomes an option for the control-obsessed upper middle class, it's worrying that nobody—not doctors, not genetics counselors, not abortion counselors, and not most feminists—seems willing to discourage the practice and some even encourage it. Abortion is not just an abstract dilemma. It takes place in a context of consequences, some of which could eventually prove more harmful to women over the long term than bearing an unwanted child.

CHARLOTTE ALLEN writes for *Insight* magazine.

Bush and Haiti.

DEEP VOODOO

By Amy Wilentz

America's handling of the recent stream of Haitian refugees has exceeded even the usual cynicism and lack of humanity with which our government treats those who try to find safe harbor here. The State Department, while refusing to recognize the current Haitian government, has main-

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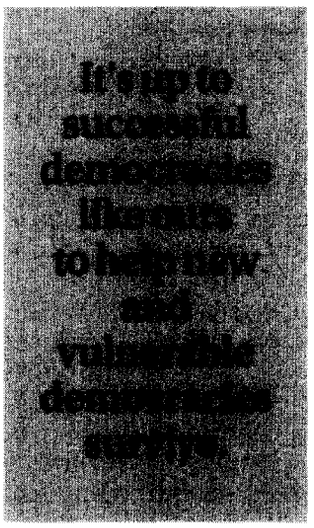
A Worldwide Growth in Freedom

BY ALBERT SHANKER, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS

The 20th century is an extraordinary study in contrasts. It has been one of the bloodiest of centuries. At the same time, the growth of democracy has offered us a reason for tremendous optimism. And now, as the century draws to a close, a greater percentage of people is living in freedom than at any other time in history.

I get this figure from Freedom House, an organization that monitors gains and losses in democracy throughout the world and on whose board I am privileged to serve. For a number of years, Freedom House has published its annual "Survey of Freedom," a kind of box score that ranks countries as free, partly free or not free, depending on the health of their democratic institutions and the civil liberties their citizens enjoy. The survey, which offers analysis as well as information, always makes fascinating reading—in fact it would be an excellent tool in a modern history course. This year it also was full of very good news.



According to the survey, the majority of the world's population—68 percent—now lives in countries that are free or partly free. Nearly half of the countries evaluated by Freedom House were liberal democracies—91 out of 183—and another 30-odd countries seemed to be moving toward democracy. Countries that became free or partly free included nations from the former communist bloc: for example, Bulgaria, Estonia, Latvia and Mongolia. There was also significant movement toward democracy in Africa, where 22 countries adopted multiparty systems and four nations—Benin, Sao Tome and Principe, Cape Verde, and Zambia—were ranked by the survey as free for the first time.

These are not isolated events. Freedom House traces a resurgence of democracy from the beginning of the 1980s, but the movement accelerated dramatically with the fall of communism in Eastern Europe. Over the past three years, societies in which about 1.5 billion people live—nearly 28 percent of the world's population—have attempted to replace their political systems with more democratic forms of government.

But it would be a big mistake to assume that we are now moving effortlessly toward a world in which everyone will live in a free society. Stable democracies involve more than writing a democratic constitution and holding free elections. Their long-term success depends on creating civil societies that support institutions like a free press and free trade unions, as well as organizations like Boy and Girl Scouts and church and political groups of all kinds. Institutions and organizations like these may have been destroyed by repressive governments or may never have existed at all.

It's up to successful democracies like ours to help new and vulnerable democracies survive. This is not a popular idea at the moment. Now that the Cold War is over, many people say, we should look out for ourselves. But helping these democracies is essential, even if we see it strictly in terms of self-interest. If the newly emerging democracies in Russia, Ukraine and Belarus, for example, fail and revert to their pre-*glasnost* state, we can stop talking about cutting the military budget. We'll go back to pre-*glasnost* spending, which will mean lots more money than we'd need to help make these fragile democracies solid. And the world will be even more dangerous than in the days of the Cold War.

In addition to conventional aid packages, we need to offer the kind of contacts that will help these nations build democratic institutions. Right now, everyone talks about helping to create market economies. This is important, but free enterprise alone will not lead to a free society. People need to learn about the many other things that make a vibrant democracy; they need direct contacts with trade unionists, lawyers, teachers, journalists and community leaders from democratic nations.

This kind of help doesn't have to be expensive. For $39,000, the American Federation of Teachers ran eight weeks of training for 200 teachers in Poland and Hungary. The teachers learned some of the basic skills of a free society, like how to set up a democratic organization and how to conduct a meeting. These skills are ones that people living under a repressive regime are unlikely ever to learn—or need—but it's impossible to imagine running a democracy without them.

Twenty years ago, when there were many fewer free societies than there are now, and the number seemed to grow smaller every year, some people started talking as though democracy was a luxury that only a few societies could afford. People in the rest would be happy if they just had enough to eat. Attempts to encourage democracy elsewhere in the world were denounced as elitist and ethnocentric—even immoral. The last few years have shown us that a desire for freedom is universal. So we also owe something to the people who still are not free.

We should not be giving aid and comfort to governments, like the Chinese, that deny their citizens civil and human rights. We shouldn't be having relations with puppet organizations—the so-called trade unions or cultural organizations sponsored by these regimes—because that provides them with legitimacy. That's the least we can do to support dissidents, like the students of Tiananmen Square.

The end of the Cold War, and the changes it has brought, gives us reason for great hopefulness. But people in the fragile new democracies—and those who still live in societies where they are denied the most basic freedoms—need our help. We must not fail to give it.

For a copy of the *Freedom Review*, which includes the "Survey of Freedom," send $6.50 to Freedom House, 48 E. 21st St., NYC 10010.

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tained that repatriates face no threat upon return. How, in these circumstances, can it know? Non-essential diplomatic personnel, including the embassy's human rights monitor, were ordered out of Haiti after the bloody military takeover in September. In addition, our ambassador to Haiti was recently recalled after a vicious, army-approved attack on a political meeting in Port-au-Prince. How can we remove our own ambassador to protest a human rights violation and then repatriate refugees on the argument that their human rights will not be infringed?

Nothing has changed in Haiti since we decided in late September that we would not recognize the de facto government. Retrograde forces in the army deposed Jean-Bertrand Aristide, Haiti's first freely elected president, and threatened him with execution before exiling him. His ministers were forced into hiding and are still being hunted. As many as 1,500 civilians, and perhaps more, have been killed since the first days of the coup, according to human rights groups. Among the justifications put forth by the Haitian authorities for the illegal arrests and murders are: having a photograph of Aristide in your home; having a pro-democracy pamphlet in your home; having worked for a literacy program supported by the Aristide government; putting up posters of Aristide; being a member of a Catholic organization affiliated with Aristide's progressive church movement; having a friend who worked for Aristide; having a son who supported Aristide; having voted for him (67 percent of the Haitian people did).

While systematically hunting down voters, the de facto government has released from prison not only the grossest human rights violators from the Duvalier dictatorship's darkest days, but also hundreds of the for-hire thugs responsible for politically related street terror during the six years since Jean-Claude Duvalier fell. Many of these grateful criminals are now rendering services to the dictatorship. In addition, the corrupt system of rural sheriffs that had been disbanded by Aristide has been reinstated, and the sheriffs themselves, bridling over the brief lacuna in their authority, have been laying siege to the peasant areas they control. Illegal arrests, beatings, rapes, confiscation of property, fines, harassment of family members—all are instruments that sheriffs wield in their war against democracy.

Faced with all this evidence, the State Department, in its zeal to block the inundation of refugees fleeing the repression for Miami, alleges that the refugees are for the most part seeking economic betterment, not political shelter. Here are some statistics: between 1981 (when the United States initiated its Haitian interdiction policy) and Aristide's inauguration in early 1991, approximately 24,000 Haitians were plucked from the seas by the U.S. Coast Guard. Some were economic refugees; many were victims of political repression. The United States allowed only 11 Haitians in to pursue asylum claims. The rest were returned to Haiti.

In the five *months* since Aristide's overthrow, more than 16,000 Haitians have been picked up. The monthly number jumped from 65 in October, just after the coup, to more than 6,000 in November, when it became clear that the negotiations for Aristide's return to Haiti would be, at best, protracted. Stateside, a federal judge in Miami issued an injunction temporarily halting repatriation. The Immigration and Naturalization Service has admitted more than 3,400 of the recent refugees, but the State Department claims that the rest are economic refugees and should be returned. The Supreme Court recently concurred, overturning the injunction, and repatriation began again. The administration has argued that repatriation would stem the tide, but so far almost every day since the injunction was lifted more people have arrived at the U.S. base at Guantánamo than have left.

When the repatriates arrive in Haiti, they are fingerprinted, photographed, and interrogated. Their home addresses are registered in the government's notebooks. If the Haitian government insists on claiming that the repatriates are simply economic refugees, why the intelligence gathering? Why was a 3-year-old child fingerprinted, other than as an act of intimidation against his parents? Even if these men, women, and children were initially economic refugees, the Haitian government's welcome—an ink pad and a flashbulb—ought to qualify them as politicals. Now the State Department is sending six investigators to the embassy in Port-au-Prince to follow up on the returned refugees and make sure their human rights are not abused. In a country where a ride to the interior can take up to twelve hours, it's hard to imagine how six people—with an institutional agenda—are going to monitor the well-being of 13,000 on a continuing basis.

Refugee advocates, and most Americans, believe the Haitians should be granted at least temporary protected status. This doesn't mean all would eventually be granted asylum or even that all their requests for asylum would be considered, but merely that they would find in the United States a temporary haven from repression. Protected status has been granted to others in similar situations. Liberians during the fall of Samuel Doe, Kuwaitis during the Gulf war, and Salvadorans during their civil war have all been beneficiaries of this humanitarian immigration loophole. During the decade in which the United States admitted 11 out of 24,000 Haitian refugees, it admitted 75,000 out of 75,000 Cubans.

Why not Haitians? The Bush administration isn't saying, but contributing factors include Haiti's proximity, its geopolitical insignificance, and an unacknowledged prejudice against black refugees in quantity. In addition, it is likely that the political instability will continue in Haiti, and that protected status for more than 16,000 refugees would have to be renewed repeatedly.

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There is only one genuine solution to the current refugee crisis: help re-establish civilian, democratic rule in Haiti by putting pressure on the military government to step down and accept the return of Aristide. Many of the refugees state plainly that had Aristide returned, they never would have fled. The United States, however, seems to have abandoned the democratic route; we have consistently sided with Aristide's most conservative opponents and quietly given the nod to endless technicalities erected as roadblocks by the Haitian military and its supporters to prevent Aristide's return. The repatriation has added to the military government's sense of invulnerability. And the State Department's unilateral softening of the OAS-sanctioned economic embargo against Haiti has sent a similar message.

The United States never wanted Aristide—a wildly popular leftist priest and a rote denouncer of Yankee imperialism—to become president of Haiti. The Bush administration worried that his ability to rouse the rabble might be turned against industry and Haiti's elite, and his discourse as president, although more moderate than it had been, did nothing to alleviate those fears. On the other hand, almost all Haitians except the traditional elite were delighted with Aristide's election (and feel now that they have been robbed of their country's one legitimate chance for democracy). In spite of its concerns, the administration rightly, and gracefully, accepted Aristide's victory at the polls. But now, reports in *The New York Times* suggest, the State Department would be content with "moderate officers" (as if there were any such) in power, officers who would—as tradition dictates—lead Haiti toward "democracy" with an old-fashioned, military-controlled election, sometime in the not-too-near future.

But it is unlikely, to state the case mildly, that the people who voted in the Aristide election will ever agree to risk their pride and perhaps their lives in any military-sponsored election. Nor is the Haitian army as currently constituted likely to permit Aristide's return. Aristide's triumph taught them a hard lesson about democracy: that civilian control, professionalized troops, anti-corruption crusades, and an emphasis on civilian justice for military abuses are, as they suspected, bad for them. Until the Haitian army—a ragtag collection of protection racketeers, drug traffickers, contrabanders, and trigger-happy gangsters—is disbanded and replaced with a professional corps, as Aristide has demanded, the chances for democracy in Haiti are slim indeed. Only unwavering international pressure can effect such an enormous change in Haiti's political life. And in this hemisphere, OAS or no OAS, there is no such thing as pressure without the full cooperation of the United States.

AMY WILENTZ is the author of *The Rainy Season: Haiti Since Duvalier* (Simon and Schuster).

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SPRINGTIME FOR BUCHANAN

By Sidney Blumenthal

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

On the afternoon of Lincoln's birthday, George Bush triumphantly entered the Bedford Mall, accompanied by his handlers. His young advance men tried to get the crowd to chant "Bush-Quayle, Four More Years," but they had no takers. Most of these shoppers had come to see a president. Some had come to tell him of their troubles, with a peasantlike attitude that if only the king knew what his subjects were suffering, he would make it all well. One woman thrust her unemployment benefits booklet at him, which he autographed without glancing to see what it might be. It was a crystallizing moment.

The primary had the feeling of an awakening about the nature of the Bush presidency—a popular acknowledgment of Bush's drift and artifice. His State of the Union address, billed as the most significant of his tenure, but which only degraded his banality, with forced echoes of the Gulf war, had failed to halt his erosion within the Republican electorate. In New Hampshire the severity of the slump had made the voters concerned above all about the candidates' specific programs for getting out of it. Bush's campaign was a parody of the others'. He hastily contrived a series of disconnected proposals so as to be able to say that he had "a plan." In order to frustrate the Buchanan message of sending him a message, he stole his phrase, urging the voters to "send a message" to Congress—to pass his "plan." To show that he knew the reality of the recession, he said: "The message: I care." At the Goffstown Mountain View Middle School, the president play-acted the man in the arena, taking what appeared to be canned questions from a Republican crowd ("Are you for term limits?"). It was a demonstration of the art of the ersatz. Goffstown was a kind of Potemkin Village. At the conclusion, Bush announced a "surprise." From the wings came bounding Arnold Schwarzenegger, the Terminator himself, emblem of strength. "Send a message to Pat Buchanan," he said. "Hasta la vista, baby!"

Patrick Buchanan, renowned Washington pundit, lives in the city of his birth and has inhabited a self-enclosed conservative universe that has paid him handsomely to chant the catechism. He has never descended into the Metro. He began his campaign by running against Bush as a betrayer, the ancient right-wing theme that always explained why its pure vision had not been realized. Buchanan believed his formulas had meaning in practical politics. He arrived with a dogmatism, but not a program.

On Valentine's Day Buchanan made an appearance at the Capital City Diner in Concord, a restaurant adorned with retro kitsch. "Welcome back to the fifties!" was inscribed on a neon-ringed clock at the entrance. Old magazines and advertisements from the 1940s and 1950s were on sale. Buchanan was here in the paradise of the past he wished to restore to meet an unemployed woman who recounted her tale of woe for him. Strangely, he was beginning to run as a candidate of compassion. The tourist in America was actually seeing new sights. His ads were filled with talk about the "suffering" he had seen. He was sounding like Hubert Humphrey at full bleeding-heart throttle. His program contained aspects of social welfare that were to the left of not only Bush but Paul Tsongas. Bush had never before encountered a threat from the right that maneuvered on the left.

Bush's passive campaign was hardly aberrant; it was entirely in the pattern of his presidency. He expected that all things would remain equal, that the status quo was eternal. When the earth began to turn, he was stunned, as always, and began to improvise reactively. Then, after disaster struck, his fear about being perceived as weak surfaced as panic.

New Hampshire is a place of special terror for Bush. It was here in 1980 that he was publicly humiliated by Reagan. In 1988 the vice president, expecting to glide above the others because of the obeisance that would be naturally paid to his office and his right to hold the next one, was shocked in Iowa by Senator Bob Dole. Bush then threw himself into the hands of Lee Atwater and Governor John Sununu, who directed the clubbing of Dole into insensibility.

This time Bush finally ran the campaign he wanted. He was the president who had won the wars and would win the primary on loyalty and royalty. The underlying assumptions were gratitude and deference. None of the wealthy older men atop his re-election committee, who had all achieved a certain distinction, was eager to dirty himself. Negative ads about Buchanan were in the can to air, but Bush vetoed their use. Deigning even to recognize the existence of the coarse commentator was granting him too much presidential attention.

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It was an advance man's campaign: it existed only where the candidate was. When Bush was absent from the state, there was no campaign. The Republican Party, in the towns, is used to being organized into committees, which is what Reagan systematically did in 1980. Buchanan grasped this and reconstituted many of the old Reagan groups. Bush did virtually n[illegible]hing.

During his few exchanges with the economically battered, who tried to seek help, or even a comforting word, the president expressed a blithe Hooverism (or Reaganism): that there was really nothing government could do. His steady indifference was his main message beyond the display of the trappings of power. In New Hampshire Bush was unaware of the lowering of three legacies upon him. First, of course, was Reagan's, which ensnared him in economic difficulty and then provided a gloss of rationalization for his inactivity—a legacy Bush was charged by Buchanan with abandoning. But there were two, less obvious legacies that were undermining the president. In 1980 Bush had won New Hampshire—and the key to the nomination—with the arm of Sununu. Sununu had claimed to be the architect of a "New Hampshire miracle," an economic boom that was in great part a spillover from the neighboring "Massachusetts miracle," managed by his archrival Michael Dukakis. When the Massachusetts miracle collapsed, Dukakis was completely crushed beneath it. Bush had no idea that he was grappling with the same conditions that had destroyed Dukakis.

Buchanan was riding the discontent created by the policies of the man whose true heritage he claimed to represent. But in his first experience in direct campaigning as a candidate, he swiftly cast off the ideological core of Reaganism, which was left to Bush, who was unfairly maligned for treason. Faced with a lower middle class in revolt against the effects of a decade of Republican rule, Buchanan shifted. He became the American version of a National Front strongman. Government was no longer the problem, but the solution, the agent of national renewal, the custodian of the soul of the nation, which he saw in romantic, racial terms. (In his 1977 study of a similar phenomenon in Britain, *The National Front*, Martin Walker writes of the "soft Nazi.") Virtually overnight, Buchanan's rigid conservatism transformed into a kind of authoritarian "socialism."

Elsewhere, Bush was not the only candidate imploding. The Vietnam War was a seminal event in Bill Clinton's political education, but he had assimilated it and moved on. Bob Kerrey, on the other hand, was still trying to cope with his wounds. He claimed at one point that Vietnam was not an issue in the campaign, but at other times he spoke at length, without any prompting, about his amputated leg. "No one can question his patriotism," went a line in one of his ads. His issues were remarkably unfocused, except for health care, which appeared to be more than an issue. He began asking crowds, "What about Bob?"—an unfortunate reference to a comedy about a psychiatric outpatient. Kerrey ran ads he then attacked—the first candidate to conduct a negative campaign against himself. In the final days he turned up at the glass pyramid-shaped Christa McAuliffe Planetarium in Concord for a small rally. He was digressive and baffling. "I don't know how many of you have ever seen *The Wizard of Oz*, which takes place in Kansas, just south of Nebraska. Dorothy clicks her heels and says, 'There's no place like home.' It won't be that easy for us."

The hard road back was the theme for Paul Tsongas, for whom the campaign was a culmination of his recovery from cancer. "I came from a disadvantaged home—they were Republicans," he told a crowd. His mother had died of a lingering illness when he was a young boy, and he worked in the family dry-cleaning store in Lowell. Tsongas was an ethnic raised on the Yankee virtues of work and abstemiousness, made especially potent by the drive for upward mobility and assimilation. In this respect, Tsongas was exactly like Dukakis, another Greek-American born into a striving Republican fam-

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ily. Tsongas was active at Dartmouth in the Young Republicans. He went into the Peace Corps but remained a liberal Republican. His early job in politics was as an aide to a Republican congressman. The party, however, turned rightward, and Tsongas, with the classic Yankee combination of fiscal conservatism and social liberalism, turned Democrat.

His battle with cancer profoundly reinforced in him the flinty values of the old New England. His booklet, "A Call to Economic Arms," is an explicit extrapolation of his own dire cancer treatment to the economy: "My story is my own but there are millions of Americans who have had to learn the same lesson in countless other personal crises. Avoidance of hard truths makes the inevitable dealing with them all the more difficult. And what is true for individuals is also true for nations." He rails against "happy talk" and in favor of "pain." His industrial policy is offended by pleasure, especially shopping. It is the position of the Rockefeller Republican, where George Bush, the New England Yankee, might be if he had followed in the footsteps of his father.

In his manifesto Tsongas devotes no pages to the salience of race. He is a man of the 1950s who was not engaged in the struggle for civil rights and against the Vietnam War. Pages of his pamphlet are filled with exhortation for the "progressive CEO," namely his clients in his capacity as a corporate lobbyist, which is his profession. All that's missing from his prescription is any sense of the agonizing politics of the Democratic Party. He just wants everyone to take their medicine. At a rally of the elderly, he admonished, "It's been too easy. People know it has to be tough."

Unlike Dukakis, Tsongas has a genuine wit. He is a master of self-deprecating humor, making him seem ideal as a foil to Letterman. His humor points to his weakness, which is physical and political. And in a way, it serves his cause. Tsongas is seen as beyond politics, a figure of integrity and virtue. He also has a superior air. His very demeanor of weakness, the weak chin, the Elmer Fudd inflection,

the anxiety of watching someone who's recovered only recently from a serious form of cancer, fits the image of what in the nineteenth century was the figure of the tubercular victim, whose pale wasting was seen as having a spiritual dimension. I watched Tsongas swim at the Concord Y, stripped down to his Speedo and goggles, surrounded by the press, perched at the pool's edge. "The word cancer frightens people," he said after dressing. "So I have no choice. You have to deal with it. This is a way of saying that to people.... I'd rather be attacked than be patronized." Tsongas has enormous dignity, but his demonstration of fitness only made him appear vulnerable. In every Democratic primary, someone fills this role of the hopeless moral figure, whose morality is dependent on being hopeless. If he were not weak, it would be hard to portray him as virtuous, which is his greatest strength.

Mario Cuomo's write-in fizzled; he was defeated without ever entering the race properly. Kerrey, Tom Harkin, and Jerry Brown are stumbling as though they were Japanese soldiers who have lost the war but are still fighting it from their caves.

The dramatic story in New Hampshire, however, was the stunning of the president. "It doesn't matter what New Hampshire does," wistfully remarked Robert Teeter, the president's pollster, the day before the balloting. But Buchanan's shocker guarantees that he will have the money and troops to carry on through the GOP convention. His victory here vaulted him from a marginal, if inescapably loud, figure on the right into its pre-eminent force. This marks the sharp end of Reagan conservatism. William F. Buckley Jr., the key personage within the conservative movement that led up to Reagan, misplayed his part as gray eminence disastrously. Initially, he assailed Buchanan for anti-Semitism in an interminable article in *National Review*. Then he endorsed him, offering the justification of tactical voting. Buchanan's victory is a whirlwind within the movement. The neoconservatives, who had climbed aboard the Reagan

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ship of state and are Buchanan's sworn foes, are landless and might do well to book berths in a steamer to a distant port. The editorial page of *The Wall Street Journal*, the think tanks in Washington, the neoconservatives cheerfully advising Dan Quayle—none of them has Buchanan's legitimacy. Only he has received actual votes.

"Somebody's going to have to get dirty," said a Republican operative close to the Bush high command. Bush proved in New Hampshire through his laissez-faire campaign that he has no true following within his party. His contrived "plan" was weightless as an issue. He has no recourse but to shatter his ties with the congressional Democrats by making vituperative personal comments about the leadership in order to rouse the GOP base. By that tactic, however, Bush will destroy his ability to accomplish anything this year, an indispensable part of his claim to leadership. And he will have to move decisively to his right—and campaign against his own administration. It will not come easily even to him.

At the same time, Bush must now also run a vicious negative campaign against the ultimate negative campaigner, alienating his party's hard core. And what vicious things will Buchanan do in response? Any effort by Bush, under this pressure, to provide a shred of "the vision thing" will appear only as sheer expediency. (Perhaps the GOP should turn to an authentic moderate like Paul Tsongas.)

Whether Bush wins his nomination or not, he has no idea what Republicanism might mean. Buchanan emphatically does. Though Bush will undoubtedly win primary after primary, the imperial president who glories in foreign policy must trudge through the states, like Walter Mondale in 1984, trying to patch together a broken coalition. The commander in chief has stumbled into a new war against a new enemy. To rescue himself now, candidate Bush might well have to tear his own party apart. •

Why Paul Tsongas won New Hampshire.

THE CLINTON GAP

By Fred Barnes

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bill Clinton's skid began in the early evening on January 19 at the WMUR-TV studio here in Manchester. This was four days before an Arkansas state employee named Gennifer Flowers claimed she'd had a twelve-year affair with Clinton and more than two weeks prior to the flap over Clinton's draft avoidance. The event was the first New Hampshire debate among all five Democratic presidential candidates. Clinton had been dubbed the front-runner for the Democratic nomination, and he acted as though he believed it. He hid.

Clinton said nothing gripping, provocative, or even mildly interesting. He aimed to avert all fights and upset no one, and he succeeded. Asked what he'd do to ease unemployment, he tamely cited speeding up federal highway spending as his first step. After his four rivals bickered over trade with Japan, Clinton chimed in, "Everybody who's talked is right." Only his personality sparkled. Clinton was pleasant, non-threatening, and enormously likable.

Small wonder Clinton lost the New Hampshire primary to Paul Tsongas on February 18. The Flowers and draft controversies—the past Clinton couldn't erase—hurt him badly. But he harmed himself by offering no message, no strong incentive for voters to choose him. That gave Tsongas the opening he needed.

Clinton's problem endures past New Hampshire: no message, or at best a muted one. Sure, he has themes, positions, and a handful of small-bore programs. They don't add up to a message. The whole is less than the sum of the parts. By contrast, Tsongas stepped forward with "the truth" that Democratic candidates rarely utter. It's simple. The economy must be saved by promoting business and spurring growth. Redistribution of income, tax fairness, and social programs must wait. The message sold, especially to yuppie liberals.

There are plenty of ironies in Clinton's slide. He is supposed to be, after all, the candidate with the stirring message. His speech to the Democratic Leadership Council last May impressed party leaders and the press. His address to state party chairmen in November added to his reputation as a man with a powerful appeal. And since the chief measure of Democratic presidential candidates in 1992 is their message, and Clinton's was proclaimed the best by political reporters and their Democratic sources, he was soon installed as the front-runner. But in New Hampshire his message was meek and undefined, and it did him in. Tsongas's was sharp and bold, and it lifted him.

The truth about Clinton was painfully obvious here:

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he's not a politician of deep ideological convictions, or even shallow ones. He's a master of positioning. He cleverly takes a few soft positions that put him to the right of the Democratic field (support for Desert Storm, welfare reform, and personal "responsibility"), but only slightly. On other issues he's reliably liberal (pro-choice, anti-nuclear power, pro-environment). He does nothing bold, risky, or surprising. Clinton touts his economic recovery plan, but it's tepid stuff. President Bush's plan is revolutionary by comparison. Clinton lists as "step 1" a tax cut for the middle class offset by a tax increase for the rich ($200,000-plus). That's mild redistribution, not economic stimulus.

Another irony is that Clinton presents himself as the moderate alternative, but won't play the part. On paper he's the Democrat who can win in November, the prince of viability. But the moderate alternative must be willing to anger liberals on occasion. Clinton isn't. In a televised Democratic debate in Washington last December, he made an oblique reference to his backing of the Persian Gulf war. Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska, who'd voted against granting Bush the authority to send American troops into combat, challenged him on the issue. Clinton was silent. In New Hampshire it was Tsongas, not Clinton, who disputed liberal dogma. He was accused of not being a Democrat. Jerry Brown, for example, said Tsongas "would be more comfortable in the Republican Party."

A third irony is Clinton's posture as an outsider, running against status quo Washington. In fact, he's the Washington candidate, the favorite of Democratic consultants, lobbyists, lawyers, policy entrepreneurs, and hangers-on inside the Beltway. He zings "these people in Washington" for being "out of touch with the average run-of-the-mill person." He raps Kerrey and Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa on the knuckles for voting for the congressional pay raise. But it's Clinton, not Kerrey or Harkin, who has been embraced by much of the Democratic establishment in Washington as its vehicle for regaining power. He's the candidate of the party hacks.

Despite the loss in New Hampshire, Clinton has two things going for him. One is his ability as a campaigner. He's a rousing deliverer of empty rhetoric. He managed to stump effectively here—personality counts for something—under the most adverse conditions. On the same day he released a 1969 letter that undercut his claim of not dodging the draft, Clinton showed up for a rally in Dover and appeared on "Nightline." Another candidate might have tried to sit out the storm. But Clinton has unshakable confidence in his power of persuasion. He didn't persuade me, but he convinced enough voters to prevent a free-fall.

At the Elks Lodge in Dover, Clinton faced the crowd close-up. The press was corralled behind him so as not to block his direct access to real people. Clinton's speech was a stretch. He argued that the "real character issue" didn't involve him, but applied to Bush. "How can you have the power of the presidency and never use it?" he asked. "That's a character issue." So is "a commitment to change"—Bush's lack of it, that is. To my surprise, the crowd ate up Clinton's pitch. The reporters I talked to were equally impressed.

That leads me to Clinton's second strength: the press. It constitutes a political safety net. Some reporters exhibit a kind of generational solidarity with him. Downgrade Clinton's chances in their presence and you get a stiff argument. They're not overwhelmed by Clinton's intellect or charisma. It's his personal charm that won them over. Clinton has the same effect on reporters that John Kennedy once did. They've acquired a rooting interest in his success. This doesn't mean the press ignores scandals that strike Clinton. It just disposes of them quickly. His second-place finish in New Hampshire was treated as a sign of Clinton's rehabilitation. Not quite. Clinton got 26 percent, far below his peak of 40 percent in one night's tracking in *The Boston Globe* poll.

The January debate that began Clinton's decline marked a breakthrough for Tsongas. A poll showed that nearly half the Democratic primary voters in the state watched, and Tsongas seized their attention. His tack is the same as Bruce Babbitt's in 1988: I'm no glamour boy, but I'll level with you and the others won't. This anti-politics didn't work for Babbitt. His spiel was drowned out by Dukakis, Gephardt, Jackson, etc. And he lacked a strong organization in New Hampshire. Tsongas built one, and his message did the drowning out. He was witty. At one rally a baby cried loudly at the moment Tsongas told of being diagnosed with cancer. "That was my feeling exactly," he said. "The one thing I offer to the voter is courage," he said in the debate. "I'm not for the middle-class tax cut because it doesn't work. I don't do Japan bashing. What I've tried to do is to look at economic truth. People can look at me and know that I turned down those opportunities, that I can bring this economy back because I understand it." His recipe is a capital gains tax cut, plus other investment incentives. His Democratic foes believe in "kinder, gentler voodoo economics," Tsongas says.

In every speech, Tsongas stresses his two distinguishing features, one issue-related, the other medical. "I'm an aggressive pro-business, pro-economic growth, pro-expansion of the economic pie Democrat ... I'm not running to be your Santa Claus. I'm running to be your president." Tsongas was diagnosed as suffering from lymphoma in 1983, retired as senator from Massachusetts the next year, had a bone marrow transplant, and survived to tell about it. Tsongas uses his recovery from cancer as a metaphor for his campaign and for what can happen to the American economy.

For Tsongas the struggle against cancer produced a spiritual awakening. "I realized I could not do it by myself," he said. "This notion you live and are self-contained and there are no other dimensions rings pretty hollow when you go through what I've been through.... There was no epiphany. It's just that when you're riding high and you get crushed, you realize that whatever your presumptions are, they're not valid." Tsongas said: "People are ready for something beyond

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the secular, self-oriented existence."

Democratic voters may not be ready for this sort of mysticism. When he wrote an eighty-six-page booklet in 1991 called "A Call to Economic Arms," Tsongas included a half page under the heading "spirituality." Public acknowledgment of "the search for understanding of our place in the great order of things ... and a stated respect for wherever that search may lead are not improper activities for the political leadership of this nation," he wrote. Tsongas didn't talk about this much until several weeks before the New Hampshire primary. The press took little notice.

The supposed mystery of the Democratic race is why Kerrey has gone nowhere. It's really no mystery. He picked the wrong issue to emphasize, national health insurance. Each Democrat has a health care program, and voters aren't interested in the differences among them. They care far more about economic proposals, and Kerrey's are vague. Kerrey also misunderstands the issue of electability. It's not what voters look for in a presidential candidate. They're not pragmatic or cynical. They drift to the candidate they like best on issues and personality, then hope he's electable. They don't choose based on whether he is or not. Yet Kerrey went on TV with an ad that said: "With America in crisis, the Democrats have to nominate someone who can win in November ... Bob Kerrey, a winner for a change." The ad didn't create a ripple.

Neither did Kerrey's personal campaigning. Audiences await Kerrey with great anticipation. He has star quality. He won a Congressional Medal of Honor in Vietnam and used to date actress Debra Winger. Yet Kerrey has an amazing effect on crowds. He puts them to sleep instantly. In Laconia a few days before the primary, Kerrey was cheered boisterously when he appeared at a rally. He got a high-voltage introduction. Then he began to speak, and the audience's enthusiasm rushed out like air from a deflating balloon. Kerrey also has the habit of saving the best part of his speech—the part about losing his leg—until the end, when it's too late.

Kerrey's problem is figuring out what to do next. On primary day a reporter asked him if he'd learned anything new from his months of campaigning. "Yes," he said. "What?" the reporter asked. "I don't know. Something." Kerrey would like to exploit the draft issue against Clinton, but it's a double-edged sword. Clinton would be hurt, but Kerrey fears the press would jump on him for raising it. He's probably right about that. "It'll be raised," he insists. "This is not an issue that's over.... It's not behind him. It's not behind me."

Clinton acted as though he won in New Hampshire. Hillary Clinton called his second-place finish a "victory." Well, it wasn't. Clinton may revive himself in the South, but he's still got the character issue to overcome. Adultery and draft dodging may not be important issues to the press, but they are to voters. A pre-primary poll by KRC Research asked this question: "Who do you think has the strongest code of personal conduct, meaning the moral values and strength of character you would want in America's president?" Only 9 percent said Clinton. A large majority of those planning to vote for Clinton answered with the name of another candidate. That's not encouraging for his long-term prospects.

As the new front-runner, Tsongas becomes a target. He says he's prepared for the onslaught, but I wonder. He gets testy when criticized. At a rally for the draft Mario Cuomo movement, historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. denounced an anti-government quote from Tsongas. "The question is, do you believe government and efficiency belong in the same sentence?" Tsongas had asked. "Because if you do, we have counseling outside." Schlesinger was incensed. "Can you imagine Franklin Roosevelt or Harry Truman or John Kennedy making such a cheap sneer about the role of government in American democracy?" Schlesinger said.

Tsongas was indignant. "I find that so utterly presumptuous," he said. Maybe so, Paul, but you'd better get used to it. •

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Restoring Welles

In 1980 we got a restored version of Orson Welles's *Macbeth*, originally released in 1948, that proved the importance of this previously mangled film. Among other matters, the restoration established that Macbeth was one of Welles's best acting achievements. Further, we could now see that Welles had a piercing vision of theater-*and*-film—a work that was, from its conception, binary.

The restored *Macbeth* has not, I think, been seen as widely as the earlier butchered version, and it hasn't won the place it deserves. Despite its imperfections—some of the actors are poor—it ranks high in that hazardous category, Shakespeare on film. And now, I'm afraid, justice to *Macbeth* is going to be further delayed because some fervent souls have restored Welles's **Othello** (1952) and are going to distribute it widely (through Castle Hill Productions). Of course it's beneficial to have a freshly minted print of the picture, complete with newly recorded music and sound effects on a Dolby track. But in a sinuous perverse way, this renovation will play into the hands of those who overrate this picture because of its showy cinematics while downgrading the superior *Macbeth* because its cinematics are not such obvious grist for critical mills.

The saga of the making of *Othello* is one of the best known in film history: how Welles patched together a company and finances in various countries over a period of four years, how he interwove brief stretches of shooting, in various European and North African sites, with acting jobs in mainstream pictures to raise money for more shooting. (The very first sequence that he filmed, the killing of Roderigo, he set in a sort of Turkish bath with lots of steam and naked male torsos because most of the costumes had not yet arrived and he had to seize the day.) Through those four years, he used a total of four editors and five cinematographers; chief among the latter group was G.R. Aldo, who had done Visconti's *La Terra Trema* and De Sica's *Miracle in Milan*. Welles changed Desdemonas several times, so had to reshoot some of her scenes—finally with Suzanne Cloutier. Two members of the cast, Hilton Edwards (Brabantio) and Micheál MacLiammóir (Iago)—co-directors of the Gate Theater in Dublin who had given Welles his very first acting job—were in the film from the beginning, hanging on despite the hairy adventures described by MacLiammóir in his book about the filming, *Put Money in Thy Purse*.

Even if we didn't know of the difficulties that plagued the making of the picture, discomforts in it would still be pretty clear. Frequently, some footage seems to be missing; joinings seem skimpy and forced. Many shots seem improvable—Take Two or Three when Take Six is what's really wanted. The dialogue often has the sound of studio recording even when the scene is outdoors, the lip-syncing is imperfect. And the film is crammed to bursting with exploitation of locales. Much of the film was shot in ancient castles and fortresses, and we often get the feeling that the director means to squeeze the last penny out of the money it cost to get there. Not one moment in the film is *not* picturesque.

The film's overriding fault is that it never attains tragic stature. One reason is the tricky cutting of the text. In the last scene, for instance, Othello stabs himself much earlier than Shakespeare suggested, omits some crucial lines, and dies to the accompaniment of an atrocious choir caterwauling behind him.

But the pygmy stature of the story is fixed early. Welles chose to make the whole film as a flashback. The opening shot is a tight close-up of Othello's brow, his face seen upside down; then the camera pulls back as soldiers lift his body and carry it away. We soon glimpse Desdemona's body on *its* bier being borne grave-ward. We see Iago being thrust into a cage and being hoisted aloft to die in it. All these shots are well fashioned, something in the vein of Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*, Part One of which Welles had seen and written about in 1945. But the flashback approach makes the whole film an explanation of the opening sequence instead of a climb to an agon.

About MacLiammóir's Iago I feel much as I did when I first saw the film. Each of his scenes seems a run-through for the excellent performance he is going to give, which is waiting in the wings. Cloutier is adequate in the scraps of Desdemona that are retained; it's not an especially difficult role for a woman of some talent and appeal. Fay Compton, an English actress of long theater

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Daughters of the Dust. *A beautifully shaped small saga of a black family, 1902, migrating from the Sea Islands, off the Georgia coast, to the North. Julie Dash, writer and director, is a bit indulgent of prettiness, but she is unmistakably gifted. (Reviewed 2/10/92)* **JFK.** *The most-discussed film in years, with good reason. It's historically very debatable and cinematically very strong. (1/27/92)* **Memoirs of a River.** *Judit Elek, a veteran Hungarian director, tells the story of her country's last Jewish trial for ritual murder in 1892. Overlong but vivid. (2/10/92)* **35 Up.** *Every seven years the English director Michael Apted reinterviews a group of people who were aged 7 when he started. The latest installment is as fascinating as the others. (2/17/92)* **—SK**

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experience, gives Emilia vigor and presence.

But the fundamental, decisive failure, the guarantee that there will be no tragedy, is that there is no Othello. Welles's voice is as magnificent as ever. In fact, it's the quality of that voice that keeps the film this side of utter disaster. When all else falters, as it often does, the very timbre of that voice bespeaks legitimacy. But Welles spends a good deal of his time finding ways to evade acting rather than acting. Many of the great Handelian speeches—"Like to the Pontic Sea," for instance—Welles does with the camera on Othello's back. The epilepsy is seen *after* he collapses. "It is the cause" is done as a voice-over while Othello moves through shadows into the fatal bedchamber.

True, in *Macbeth* he also did something like this—a shot of swirling clouds while we heard his beautiful reading of "Tomorrow and tomorrow": but that was a final flourish on an accomplished performance. Here there is no such accomplishment. There are a few lovely moments—the address to the Senate, for instance—but for the most part, Welles is easy on himself. Whether because he was too busy as director or too frantic as producer and money-raiser and everything else, he seems not to have had time or energy to do himself justice in the role.

Another possible reason for the disparity between the *Macbeth* and the *Othello*: Welles based his *Macbeth* on a theater production that he had directed and acted in as a primer for the filming. No such prior model or source existed for *Othello*. (The reverse, in fact: he played Othello briefly on the London stage when the film was already in process.) This may be why his second Shakespeare film lacks the integration and tensions of the earlier one, lacks too a sense of the melding of theater and film.

That melding came partly from Welles's taunting of film—because he was a paradoxical artist. As a film director, he was a twentieth-century genius, but he was essentially a nineteenth-century actor. Film generically invites fine-spun realistic acting, of which Welles certainly did his share, in his own films and others. But the top of his bent was a kind of acting larger than that. Remember Kane's campaign speech in front of his outsize photograph. In that vein Welles's acting dares the cinema to accommodate it.

Othello, like Macbeth, should have given him the means to dare film to be theater-and-film. Instead, perhaps for reasons of exigency, he is muffled and remote. And without the performance that he could have given, what is the point of all the rest, no matter how lusciously shot? •

John Corigliano's masterpastiche.

The Ghosts of the Met

By Alex Ross

The most spectacular gesture at the Metropolitan Opera's premiere of *The Ghosts of Versailles* in December was enacted not by the performers, but by the audience. When Teresa Stratas finished her first aria, the audience burst into an extended round of applause. Several more times in the first act they voiced their pleasure, with a ready enthusiasm unprecedented in the annals of contemporary opera. The second act was received with more coughing than clapping, but the charged atmosphere returned once the curtain fell; loud praise for the star-studded cast gave way to a huge, yelping, stomping ovation for the work's creators, composer John Corigliano and librettist William Hoffmann. A feeling was in the air that something large, something durable, had been witnessed. "That was the actual world premiere of this piece," a man behind me wonderingly reminded his wife. People made a point of saving their programs.

After decades of hostility to the very idea of new music, the audience at the Met did not merely enjoy itself, it came prepared to enjoy itself. And no wonder: articles and assorted exercises in puffery had already appeared in *The New York Times* and *New York*, in *Musical America*, *The Atlantic*, *The Advocate*, and the opera monthlies. The new science of insiderish, before-the-fact entertainment journalism, with its bright, event-making

Alex Ross writes about contemporary music.

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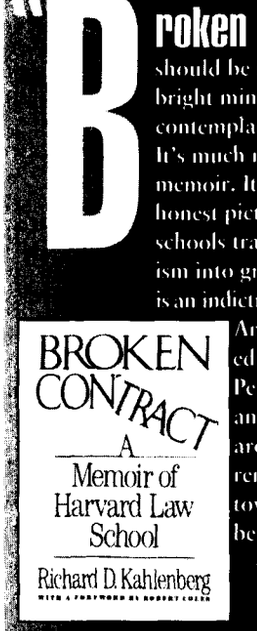
should be read by every bright mind even remotely contemplating law school. It's much more than a memoir. It's a brutally honest picture of how law schools transform idealism into greed. The book is an indictment of American legal education. Perhaps if it's read and passed around, the current stampede toward law will be halted."

—John Grisham
author of *The Firm*



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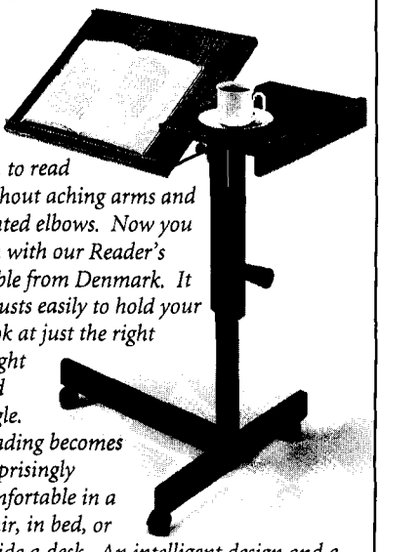

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halogen glare, had at last illuminated the backward hamlet of contemporary music. The premiere and its attendant publicity (even the Bergdorf Goodman store got involved, with special window displays) had the air of a massive, corporate-sponsored conjuring act, a feat of cultural necromancy. Had American opera risen from the grave in which, having never lived, it was never buried?

Alas, *The Ghosts of Versailles* turned out to be an entertaining but numbingly unoriginal anthology of operatic styles past and present. It was the latest in a long line of ghosts to haunt the Metropolitan Opera, which has an ancient and sadly amusing tradition of works that begin to fade before they leave the stage. Through much of its history, the Met has demonstrated the futility of contemporary opera not by neglect, but by negative example.

The saga began in 1910, with Frederick S. Converse's *The Pipe of Desire.* (Converse is best remembered for his tone-poem *Flivver 10,000,000*, an ode to Henry Ford.) Under the generous regime of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, an incredible procession of the mediocre, the obscure, and the nonexistent ensued: Charles Wakefield Cadman's *Shanewis*; Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*; John Alden Carpenter's *Skyscrapers*; Henry Hadley's *Cleopatra's Night*; Reginald de Koven's *The Canterbury Pilgrims.* Some of these works disappeared at once, some (Carpenter's and Taylor's) enjoyed a brief vogue. None could hope to equal the sheer exuberant idiocy of John Laurence Seymour's *In the Pasha's Garden*, a tale of a jealous Pasha who discovers his wife's lover hiding in a trunk and gleefully buries him alive. (The opera is now entombed in Nicolas Slonimsky's *Music since 1900* under the epitaph "performed for the first and last time.") After 1935, the year of Seymour's glory and Gatti-Casazza's departure, the absurd surplus vanished. The faucet of patronage was screwed tight, and each escaping drop was hailed as an event. *The Island of God, Vanessa, Antony and Cleopatra,* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* were merely drops. On this evidence, opera was truly dead.

Given his house's record-setting irrelevance to the twentieth century, James Levine was right to seek a composer with an ear for the general public. Opera must be desired to exist. And throughout the last two decades, the ever-promising John Corigliano has perfected a versatile approach that consistently wins audiences over. "Eclecticism" and "neo-Romanticism" are the terms usually applied to him. Typically he frightens us with modernistic sounds at the outset of a work, then dishes out dollops of late-Romantic melody; and at some point in any of his pieces there is likely to be an elegy for massed strings, in the manner of Samuel "*Platoon*" Barber or Gustav "*Death in Venice*" Mahler. (To be sure, Corigliano has written nothing so atrociously pandering as, say, David Del Tredici's *March to Tonality.* The Met could have done worse.)

Eclecticism, or the ironizing of style, is attractive to second-rate composers not merely because it sells well. Done artfully, it can produce masterpieces. Alfred Schnittke's vertiginous, polystylistic scores bear the imprint of an individual voice in every bar, even as a mere accent on another's language. The late Bernd Alois Zimmermann also kept quotations and stylistic multiplicity reined in: a forlorn fox-trot or a lost chorale would appear as a flash on an atonal background (a practice he called "photoptosis," the term for his chronic eye condition and the title of one of his finest works). And the work of John Adams, which has suffered a recent and sharp decline, once promised a dissimilar but equally well-balanced approach to the problem of style; in his *Harmonielehre* and *Nixon in China*, turn-of-the-century chromatic harmonies glide elegantly across a repetitive, minimalist sound-field.

The backward-glancing approach, in short, need not always mean failure. Still, the increasingly numerous American eclecticists—Adams now included, Corigliano still at the forefront—opt instead for nowhere music, for zombie music, for pastiche. These composers feel free to roam the past but helpless to intervene. They dwell deep in the shadow of Charles Ives, who devised a vibrant, native fusion of radically disparate materials very early in this century. Schoenberg wrote of Ives, almost enviously, that "he has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and learn." Our much-admired pasticheurs have not.

For a time Corigliano reveled in his selflessness. "Communicate!" was the only rallying cry that he gave to the mobile army of styles gathered behind his name. "If I have my own style, I'm not aware of it," Corigliano has said, rather memorably. "I don't think of style as the basic unifying factor in music, as many composers do today." Like the ghost of Marie Antoinette in his opera, Corigliano joyfully shouts, "We're dead!" In his *Clarinet Concerto* (1975), virtuosic avant-garde effects serve to frame a contemplative slow movement drenched in Shostakovich. The *Oboe Concerto* (1977) abounds in droll touches—a mass-tuning at the outset, a haunting episode of "china-doll music" in the scherzo, Arabic oboe (*rheita*) effects in the finale—but again no individual style emerges. As for the *Pied Piper Fantasy* (1981), a flute concerto written for James Galway, the critic Michael Oliver said it best: "Of strong ideas, strong enough to sustain a structure nearly forty minutes in length, there is not a sign."

Toward the end of the decade, however, Corigliano wanted himself taken more seriously. "I have a style," he suddenly protested. "I don't believe the mere imposition of techniques is a virtue. I think it's a responsibility of a composer to make these techniques seem inevitable by structure or other means." The test case was the *Symphony No. 1*, premiered in 1990. The work is an AIDS memorial, with a first movement ambitiously marked "Apologue: Of Rage and Remembrance." And the most noticeable result was, again, immediate acceptance, as Daniel Barenboim's recording of the symphony climbed high on *Billboard*'s classical charts, approaching the altitudes of *The Four Seasons* and *The Three Tenors.*

The symphony's dramatic plan, reminiscent of Mahler and Shostakovich, is imposing; but its structure, in dictating the "imposition of techniques," only serves to recall the virtues of the past masters. In a work that is supposed to be so vehemently personal, Corigliano's habitual borrowings begin to annoy: the symphony's idiom on the whole is severely European, with an air of mid-century catastrophe about it. In memorializing victims of a disease that has spawned a new form of political and aesthetic activism—a movement whose rage is aimed bluntly at American institutions—Corigliano lapses into the funerary clichés of another time and place.

I hesitate to criticize the Corigliano symphony so pointedly: it is a heartfelt work that has moved audiences to tears. Moreover, in acknowledging his own sexuality in interviews, Corigliano has helped to end a long tradition of gay American composers dwelling in silence. (Copland, Barber, Cage, Bernstein, and Cowell are merely the beginning of the list.) But I found it disconcerting to discover that Corigliano lifts the central threnodic theme of the first movement from his own score for the film *Revolution*, an inept Al Pacino vehicle set during the American Revolution in which British officers were portrayed not merely as effete aristocrats, but as sadistic pederasts. And I felt more than a little uncomfortable listening to the second movement, a tarantella of gathering intensity and hysteria that depicts the

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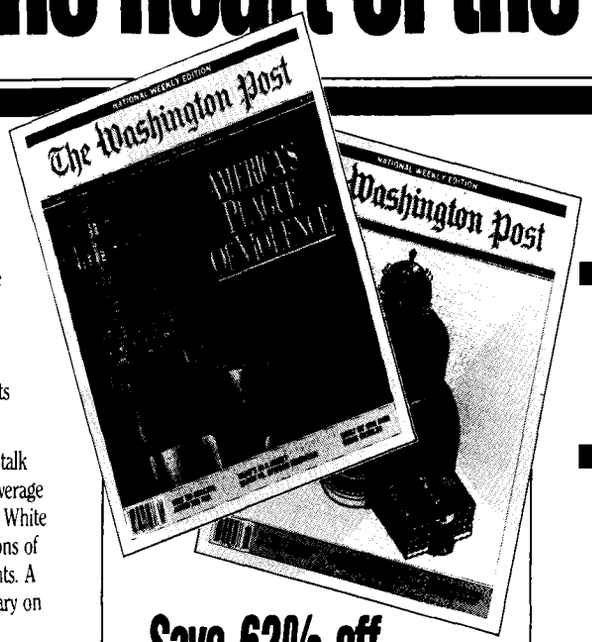

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final stages of dementia experienced by one of Corigliano's friends. Should AIDS become an orchestral thrill-ride for an audience all too eager to make its hasty gesture of remembrance? Reading Corigliano's program notes, some members of that grieving public are undoubtedly glad to find homosexuality nowhere mentioned.

Corigliano's opera, in contrast to his symphony, is untainted by empty gestures toward progressive politics. Its notion of "history as it should have been," which is the work's idée fixe, amounts to the maintenance of aristocratic order. The French Revolution is viewed as the insane whim of demagogues; Simon Schama's *Citizens* is, by comparison, a Marxist tract. *The Ghosts of Versailles* is weighed down by the failure of artistic, not political, ambitions.

William Hoffmann's libretto does not abound in poetic moments, but opera does not require them; too many twentieth-century operas have drowned in literature. Still, the plot is actually quite pleasing to contemplate in its own terms. The ghosts of Marie Antoinette, Beaumarchais, and others from the court of Louis XVI are stranded in a "limbo," and are busy mounting theatrical amusements for themselves. Beaumarchais, source of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, has fallen in love with Marie; he puts on a third Figaro for her (derived, in threadbare fashion, from an actual third Beaumarchais play, *La mère coupable*). By virtue of "magical powers," Beaumarchais decides to intervene in history itself through the medium of his play. But the servant Figaro rebels against his author's intentions, and sets in motion machinations to save the *Figaro* family (Count Almaviva, Susanna, and the rest are all here) rather than rescue the spendthrift queen. Revolutionary tableaux reveal late in the game that Marie was lynched by mobs led by Bégearss, the cartoonish villain of the piece. The power to change history rests in Beaumarchais's hands at the very end, but the ghost Marie herself intervenes; choosing to let her counterpart in history meet the guillotine, she floats into eternity with her suitor.

Thus the opera contains three concentric worlds of action: the outer ghost-world, a cold, dusty limbo; the Mozart-Rossini pastiche of the inner play; and some emergent plane of History itself, the enthusiasms of the French Revolution. In his libretto Hoffmann asks that these worlds move in succession from a lesser to a greater degree of verisimilitude, from artifice to brute fact. At the same time there is a parallel movement in which the empty ghosts develop real emotional lives, and the barrier between literary invention and reality is blurred. On paper, it works handsomely. In the opera house, none of these intricacies comes alive.

One can blame the uniformly stylized sets of John Conklin (distractingly similar to his sets for Zimmermann's brutal *Die Soldaten* across the plaza at the New York City Opera); but the primary fault must fall with the music itself. At the outset—in the ghost world—the orchestra is somewhere in the twentieth century, with angular atonal passages and spooky glissando effects that evoke the *2001* atmosphere of Ligeti and Penderecki. The singers intone: "Another evening at the opera," "I'm so bored." Corigliano gives his audience the easy pleasure of seeing its own boredom depicted onstage, but in so doing he sets himself a trap: at some point we are going to have to hear "real" music, ground for the composer to stand on when he leaves the parodic mode.

When Beaumarchais enters and makes known his infatuation with Marie, he is revealing the emotional core of the plot. Here the emotional core of Corigliano's music, however, sounds a lot like Britten in his middle period—spare and angular lines pinned down by damaged triads, with moments of lush orchestration. Corigliano can write a very nice pastiche on Britten, no mistake; but when the composer supplies equally unoriginal material for both the artifice of the "ghost world" and the emotion of the principals, the whole point of Hoffmann's libretto is lost. Marie Antoinette, on the other hand, several times began an aria of fresh melodic contours that then trailed off into nowhere—four notes of lovely melody, falling and rising thirds, apparently cut short before it could begin to sound like someone else. The failure here is revealing. Without the buttress of a historical authority, left suddenly to his own devices, Corigliano seems reluctant to immerse himself in tonality. (Gorgeously sung by Teresa Stratas and Håkan Hagregård, the two main roles overcame their musical weakness, but the Met has always been able to prop up its premieres with fine singing, right back to the days when Helen Traubel sang in *The Man Without a Country* and Lawrence Tibbett in *Peter Ibbetson*.)

Once Beaumarchais sets in motion his *Figaro for Antonia*, Corigliano falls into his Mozart/Rossini mode, elegantly balanced between onstage and offstage orchestras. The patter song in which Figaro delivers a Juvenalian catalog of his roles is a delight. Although Hoffmann's libretto repeats itself too much in this section, Corigliano shows himself a good student of Rossini, or at least of Arthur Sullivan. A giant Turkish carnival brings the first act to a heady close—a satire on the Orientalist fashions of the late eighteenth century (perhaps also of the early twentieth century: Corigliano doesn't delineate enough for us to tell the difference). At about the moment the "woman with hat" comes on (in full Valkyrie regalia, accompanied by blaring Bayreuth brass) and sings, "This isn't opera! Wagner is opera!" we are bordering on fine, all-out musical farce. This looks like the logical direction for the opera to take, given the amusing self-consciousness of the atonal, "boring" first scene. But the act then comes to a swift end, having given the dignified Met regulars no more than a good scare.

Even this first-act finale, undoubtedly the high point of the opera, left me with nagging questions. Isn't there something utterly redundant about staging a satire of Rossini? Rossini constantly satirized himself, jolting expectations left and right, almost numbing the senses with his divine bedlam. In the various previews and reviews of Corigliano's work, nobody mentioned Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* (1814), but it is clearly a major source for Corigliano and Hoffmann. Well more than a century before self-consciousness became a literary virtue, Rossini's librettist Felice Romani concocted a plot within a plot, in which a Poet, himself composing an opera buffa, wanders in and out of the action, and interferes with its artifices. Corigliano, even with modern techniques at his disposal, cannot equal the extraordinary disarray of *Il Turco*'s first-act finale, let alone the apotheosis of pandemonium in *The Barber of Seville*. Corigliano is good at what he does, but Rossini was better.

Intended farce gave way to unintended tedium in the second act, where Hoffmann suddenly asks that we take the Beaumarchais characters seriously. For about an hour, the brass intoned solemn chords while various groups of singers emitted long wandering lines of quarter notes and half notes. Britten, Strauss, Barber, and Bernstein hovered wanly over the score. At least twice Corigliano used a very awkward device to segue out of the ensemble passages—the low brass chords would suddenly dissolve into glissando-effects, bleats, and thuds from the full orchestra. This time I was put in mind of a Carl Stalling score for a Warner Bros. cartoon, in extreme slow motion. Of course, unlike Stalling, Corigliano can create expectation handsomely, but he cannot seem to satisfy it.

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The musical apotheosis of the work was not a blossoming of the Marie Antoinette theme that I had been awaiting, but rather a full orchestral extension of *Marriage of Figaro* material. This treatment was aiming for something between the spare beauty of the original and the luxuriousness of Richard Strauss's Mozartiana, but it came out sounding instead like a dreadful Hollywood sound track for some lost bio-pic of the '30s, a *Young Mozart in Love*. And the visual climax promised by the libretto—Figaro, Count Almaviva, and the other Beaumarchais characters rising into the air in a gigantic Montgolfier balloon—was cut, robbing the plot of its crucial payoff. The producer may have wisely calculated that Corigliano's audience-pleasing first act was a better investment than his soporific second.

Was there, I kept asking myself in the middle of all the flush-faced enthusiasm, some whole other level of allusion and artifice? Could there be a point to the scraps of Britten, the long stretches of warmed-over Barber, the nightmare-hangover Mozart? Could the oversized Pasha in the Turkish sequence have been a reference to John Laurence Seymour? Was the Met deconstructing itself before our very eyes? No, everyone was only having a good time. But the popular success of *The Ghosts of Versailles* does raise at least one hope. If audiences can get this excited over something that would blow away in a sharp gust of wind, how might they react if confronted by music of substance? By Schnittke's long-promised *Faust*, for example?

James Levine seems determined that *The Ghosts of Versailles* will not be an isolated phenomenon, another *Antony and Cleopatra*, and he has commissioned an opera from Philip Glass—an ambiguous sign of his inclinations. In all likelihood, however, the Met will manage to maintain its time-honored tradition. It will almost certainly engage a retinue of composers who will one day be footnotes nearly as cryptic as Seymour, Damrosch, Hadley, and Converse. The world's greatest opera museum would rightly feel itself endangered by any hint of living opera, of a musical drama that would set the pulses racing and the mind free of the past. •

After the fall: Stalin, totalitarianism, and the new debate.

The Abusable Past

By Terence Emmons

The rise of the "totalitarian thesis," the concept of a total state ruling over an atomized society in the Soviet Union, was in large measure a product of the cold war. And its dismantling in American academia was, in turn, a product of the "thaw" that followed Stalin's death and accompanied the beginnings of détente: in that mildly warmer climate, the totalitarian interpretation seemed monolithic, ahistorical (it made no allowance for changes in the character of the regime before and after Stalin), and top-heavy, focused on the regime to the complete neglect of social processes. It is not a small irony, therefore, that the advent of perestroika and glasnost, and the final collapse of Soviet communism, have led not to victory for revisionism and defeat for the totalitarian model, but nearly to the opposite.

In Russia, almost from the moment the past was opened to scrutiny roughly in late 1987, reform-minded publicists (only a few of them professional historians) seized on the totalitarian model of Western "cold war" scholarship as the generally accepted framework for discussing not just the Stalin period, but also the whole of Soviet history from October 1917 to at least March 1985. It has since become a convention of Russian political discourse. Even Gorbachev, in his historic resignation speech on Christmas last year, described as "totalitarian" the regime that he had set out in 1985 to reform (within the confines of "the socialist option," to be sure).

Stalin in Power: The Revolution from Above, 1928-1941
by Robert C. Tucker
(W.W. Norton, 707 pp., $29.95)

Stalin: Triumph and Tragedy
by Dmitri Volkogonov
translated by Harold Shukman
(Grove Weidenfeld, 642 pp., $29.95)

Stalin: The Glasnost Revelations
by Walter Laqueur
(Scribner's, 382 pp., $24.95)

Stalin: Breaker of Nations
by Robert Conquest
(Viking, 448 pp., $25)

In this country, too, there has been a revival of the "totalitarian school." Books and speeches and television appearances by some of its founding members, such as Zbigniew Brzezinski and Richard Pipes, have resonated with haunting invocations of the 1917 "coup d'état," of "Soviet imperialism," of something called simply "totalitarianism." In *The Russian Revolution* (1990), Pipes ignored a good two decades' worth of revisionist scholarship on the social background to the Bolshevik takeover, as well as any other evidence that might have suggested that Great October was anything more than a minoritarian coup d'état by the Bolsheviks. It has also again become academically respectable to reject out of hand the idea that there was any significant discontinuity between the original Bolshevik project of Lenin & Co. and the one that was actually realized by Stalin in the 1930s, not to mention the idea, propagated by the "new social history" branch of revisionism, that Stalin rode to power on a wave of "cultural revolution from below," "social mobility," even "democratization." (The last is an especially tasteless choice of terms, though the phenomenon it means to describe was real.)

In Russia not only has the totalitarian model been elevated to a position of virtual consensus, but the whole revisionist project has been subjected to derisive condemnation for having contributed to a cover-up of the horrors of the system, for having given it moral succor. The explanation for this turn of events lies partly in the long-mounting revulsion on the part of thoughtful Russians toward the egregious restraints and surrealist representations of official ideology. But ultimately it lies in what must be judged the success of the totalitarian interpretation. For, whatever the rigidities and the circularities of reasoning to which it may have given rise, it did grasp

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certain central truths of Soviet history: namely, that a new kind of total ideological political system was established in Russia in 1917, one of the most salient and virtually realized goals of which was total state domination of the economy; that this system, while certainly evolving over time, remained essentially intact until the second half of the 1980s; and that it was unreformable and could only be abolished.

These truths have been borne out by recent events. The nomenklatura that ruled the country in the regime's final phase of oligarchic degeneration could be removed from the path of fundamental economic and political reform only by the destruction of the all-Union institutions through which it ruled; and this, as it turned out, could be accomplished only by the destruction of the Soviet Union itself. The contrary proposition—that "the collapse of communism ... suggests that the 'evolutionists' had a much surer grasp of reality [than the 'totalitarian school']" (the words are Abraham Brumberg's)—belongs among the intellectual debris of August 1991. According to such a logic, one would have to argue that there were no revolutions in Russia in 1917 or France in 1789, only "evolutions" that demonstrated the malleability of the respective old regimes.

In the fullness of time, of course, the Reaganomicists who gloat over the failure of the Soviet socialist experiment will be buried under a bushel of problems at least partly of their own making, and soon enough we will all realize that "the end of Russian history" is not yet at hand. The revisionists will get on with studying the social bases of Stalinism somewhat liberated, one hopes, from extrahistorical pressures—from projections of domestic political agendas onto Soviet history, from accusations of providing moral justification for the monstrous deeds of Stalinism. In the meantime, writing on Soviet history in general and on Stalin in particular remains loaded with political and moral subtexts.

Since Gorbachev gave the green light to filling in the "blank spots" in Soviet history in a speech on the anniversary of the October Revolution in 1987, the central focus of the historical debate in Russia has passed in rapid succession from one subject to another, following a perceptible internal logic. The first wave to crest was "the Bukharinist Alternative." (I am using the terminology of two Moscow veterans of all the debates, Gennadi Bordiugov and Vladimir Kozlov.) It posed the question of whether a more gradual, nonviolent, socialist way out of the "crisis of NEP" (the falling off of industrial growth and looming food supply problems), as proposed by Nicholas Bukharin, was feasible in the late 1920s. It crested rapidly in 1988, the debate leading ineluctably to the next Big Question: If there was an alternative, why wasn't it realized? That is, why did Stalin win? And so a wave of Staliniana began in 1988 and lasted well into 1989—but then it yielded quickly to the "Trial of Lenin." By 1990 Lenin had been tried and convicted by the mainstream of Russian publicism, and it was time for the "Return of Trotsky," the last great figure of the Soviet 1920s around whom the game of alternatives could be played.

Trotsky had served earlier as a surrogate for Lenin, before Russian editors got up enough nerve to put Lenin on trial; and he continues to serve as a Bolshevik bogeyman for the anti-Communists (among whom the surmise is common that he would have been worse than Stalin). By this point, however, he had also become attractive to holdout Leninists looking desperately for a viable alternative to Stalinism and attracted, no doubt, by Trotsky's theory of Stalinism as "Thermidor," that is, a bureaucratic reaction against the "democratic" revolutionary goals of October. The Trotsky revival seemed to have run out of gas even before the dramatic events of August 1991, as indeed had the exercise of seeking alternatives to Stalinism within the "legacy of October" as a whole (though some literary artifacts of the Trotsky revival are still in the works). It may be only a slight exaggeration to say that at present mainstream Russian publicism has turned from questions about the past to questions about the future, above all the future of the economy, leaving the field of historical alternatives to the monarchists, who muse about earlier times.

The new social history's complaint that traditional historiography has reduced Soviet political history to biography can be turned around: biographies of Stalin have usually turned out to be indistinguishable from political histories of the Soviet Union. This has been characteristic of the genre since Isaac Deutscher's classic *Stalin: A Political Biography*, which appeared in 1949, a rhetorically powerful book that was for many years the best political history of the Soviet Union available in print. It was true of Adam Ulam's impressive blockbuster of 1973, *Stalin: The Man and His Era*. It is also true of the two biggest and most ambitious of the new books on Stalin, Dmitri Volkogonov's *Stalin: Triumph and Tragedy* (Stalin's triumph, Russia's tragedy) and Robert C. Tucker's *Stalin in Power: The Revolution from Above, 1928-1941*. (Tucker covered the first fifty years of Stalin's life in an earlier tome, *Stalin as Revolutionary, 1879-1929*.)

The huge work by Volkogonov (the name means "wolf-hunter"!) was the first full-scale biography of Stalin and the first political history of the Stalin period to be published in Russia when it appeared serially in the course of 1988 and then in 1989 as a separate book. Or, rather, as separate books: there are four volumes to this "political portrait," as Volkogonov subtitles the Russian-language edition; it has been pared by about one-fourth in Harold Shukman's excellent English translation. It was certainly the biggest event in the Staliniana wave of 1988-89.

Volkogonov was born in 1928 and is presently Boris Yeltsin's adviser on military affairs. He is the son of first-generation Soviet intelligentsia parents of peasant stock. His father was arrested and murdered in the purges of the late 1930s. The son joined the Red Army at the end of the war, then pursued higher degrees in "philosophy" at the Lenin Military Academy during the Khrushchev years, became a general, and worked for some time in the army's Main Political Administration, where he specialized in ideological indoctrination. It appears that sometime around 1978 he became a kind of closet dissident and began secretly collecting materials on Stalin's crimes. In 1985 the whistle was blown on this activity, but—a sign of the times—he was appointed head of the army's Institute of Military History instead of being cashiered or worse, which would surely have been his pre-perestroika fate. In this new capacity he was able to continue his work, with easy access to materials on Stalin's purge of the officer corps, relations between Stalin and the military leadership in the course of World War II, and Stalin's activities as supreme commander during the war. (These are the best and most original parts of his book.)

The book reflects the rapidly changing situation in Russia in the second half of the 1980s. It was clearly begun as a classic project of perestroika and early glasnost: to resume the process of de-Stalinization that had begun back in 1956 but was quickly aborted; to demystify Stalin through exposure of his crimes; and to clear the way back to the path to democratic socialism toward which Lenin's last writing and the NEP experience of the 1920s supposedly pointed. In one of his first published pieces about Stalin, Volkogonov was still intoning the "on the one hand, on the other hand" evaluation of Stalin that had been typical of the late Khrushchev years: "One must recognize the indis-

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putable contribution of J.V. Stalin in the struggle for socialism and its defense, as well as his unforgivable political mistakes and crimes." And in his section on the early 1920s, Volkogonov still subscribes to the notion that there was a democratic socialist alternative to Stalinism in Lenin's "Testament" and NEP. But later on he opines that Stalin's autocracy was a nearly inevitable outcome of the Bolsheviks' consolidation of power in Russia. Lenin's own legacy prior to second thoughts in his last years was, after all, one of intolerance of opposition. He

> was unable to foresee the dangers to the society as a whole of relying on the infallibility of a single party.... It was therefore hardly surprising that soon after October 1917 they would begin using repression against the opponents of the new order, thus simultaneously threatening freedom and clearing the path for a future Caesar.

Indeed, Volkogonov elsewhere goes so far as to write that by the summer of 1918 (with the breakdown of a coalition government with the Left Socialist Revolutionaries) the opportunity for political pluralism was already lost, "with the result that political monopoly, conformity of thought, and the absence of an alternative form of authority were soon turned into a cruel one-man rule." And he continued in that vein: "The totalitarian, bureaucratic state needed at least a first consul, if not an emperor.... The bureaucratic system ... could not exist without a political figure of the despotic type," and so on.

Volkogonov argues that Stalin did not prevail in the power struggle over Lenin's succession simply because of his skill as an organization man. His views on "building socialism in one country" and his impatience with the NEP compromise with the peasants ("we must conquer the peasants again," "form cadres in the villages," Volkogonov finds Stalin declaring to the Central Committee as early as January 1924) were broadly supported in the Party. It was no accident that Stalin was the only speaker at the Fifteenth Party Congress in December 1927 to receive a standing ovation: "He cannot be accused of having 'stage-managed' the proceedings; most of the delegates simply saw him as the true emergent leader of the party." Even at the height of the purges in the late '30s, Volkogonov thinks, "the people believed Stalin's articles and speeches ... and they gazed at his ubiquitous portrait with hope in their hearts."

Volkogonov's book is itself a kind of triumph. It is a monumental research effort performed in a historiographical wasteland (he seems to have been little acquainted with the considerable Western literature on his subject), and a bold confrontation with what could only have been unpleasant truths about Soviet history for a Soviet patriot and an avowed Marxist-Leninist. To expect elegance, sophistication, and conceptual innovation as well would probably be asking too much; and indeed Volkogonov's book lacks them all. It is a baggy monster of a narrative, constructed according to the kitchen-sink principle and disciplined only by basic chronology. It yields few new insights, so far as I could see, about the character of the man who became the Soviet emperor. We are told that he was a man of iron will, obsessed with power, secretive, and vengeful. His was an "exceptional intellect" and, because it was devoid of ordinary human morality, "an exceptionally evil mind." So what else is new? Volkogonov's contribution in this department is not enhanced by his annoying habit of "reporting" Stalin's thoughts at various junctures: "Stalin did not respond. But he was thinking to himself, 'I don't need him anymore.'" "'They're out to get me, he thought.'"

Unfortunately Volkogonov does not make up in raw material what he lacks in processing skills. The book does contain a considerable amount of information gleaned from army and (to some extent) Party and state archives, personal interviews, and so on, some of which has already been incorporated into the narratives of other writers (for example, in Robert Conquest's new biography of Stalin). But Volkogonov did not have access to the central organs of rule and repression (Stalin's secretariat, the Politburo, Central Committee, and NKVD). Consequently most of this new information can only be called incidental, and I think it is fair to say that most of his story is already familiar to Western scholars.

Robert C. Tucker, whose many works on Soviet politics and ideology have been consistently analytical and theory-oriented, offers a more elaborate and sophisticated conceptual framework in his new volume. This book was largely completed before Gorbachev came to power, but Tucker has managed to incorporate some of the revelations of the 1988-89 wave of Staliniana into his narrative. (A translation into Russian of his first volume on Stalin was part of the wave itself.)

In that first volume, Tucker combined a straightforward political biography of Stalin—which distinguished itself from most earlier biographies by, among other things, taking seriously Stalin's contributions to the theoretical debates of the 1920s—with an attempt to under-

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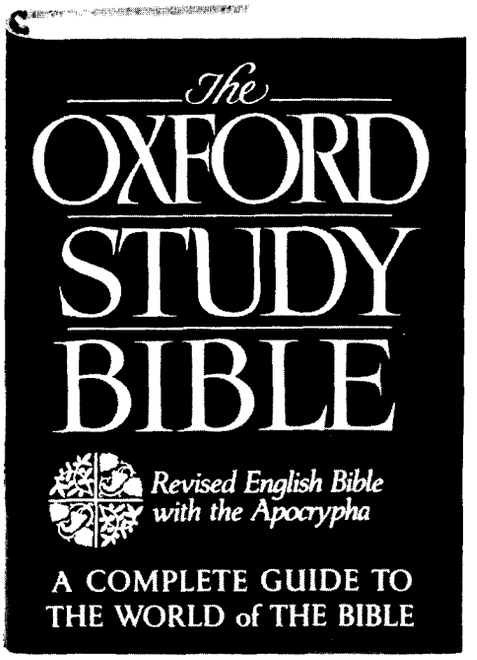

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stand Stalin's personality. In Tucker's view, Stalin was driven not by a lust for power for its own sake, but by a psychological need, rooted in his childhood experience, to form a heroic revolutionary identity for himself. That need eventually led him to identify with Lenin, the ultimate revolutionary hero, and then to seek the historical glory that would liberate him from obsessive doubts about his qualifications for the role. Needless to say, Stalin displayed all the behavior that generally accompanies this mania of grandiosity: repression, rationalization, and projection. He took everything personally.

The guiding concept of Tucker's new book, which covers the years from Stalin's victory in the struggle to succeed Lenin to the outbreak of World War II, is "revolution from above." That was, of course, Stalin's own characterization of the Party-state's murderous onslaught against the peasants, euphemistically known as "collectivization," which led by 1933 to the deaths of at least 5 million human beings. Tucker, however, applies the term to all of the 1930s, including the years of the Great Purges in the second half of the decade, "when massive terror transformed the single-party state inherited from Lenin into an absolute autocracy" through the murder of several more million human beings, including most of the old Party leadership and the army command (as well as a very high percentage of the officer corps as a whole, right down to the level of second lieutenant). Tucker defines this "revolution from above" as a

> reversion to a developmental mode that had existed in earlier Russian history ... aimed primarily at making Russia a mighty military-industrial power able to fend for itself in an unfriendly international setting and to expand its borders as opportunity allowed.

Tucker offers this as a more adequate explanation for Stalin's regime than Trotsky's theory of a bureaucratic Thermidor or, by implication, the émigré sociologist Nicholas Timashev's concept of "The Great Retreat" from revolutionary idealism, neither of which can account for the revolutionary nature of the Stalin regime and its "socialist" agenda.

The role of Stalin's personality in all this is seen as paramount for two reasons. First, historical patterns do not just reappear by themselves; they have to be perceived and found relevant by a person or persons in power. Second, among the Bolshevik leaders caught up in the perceived crisis of "socialist construction" that developed around 1927, when the industrial growth that had been achieved by reactivating pre-war plant began to slow and food supplies to the towns began to decline, Stalin alone was disposed to seek a way out by means of "revolution from above." This was his chance to prove himself a revolutionary hero, the chance that he had missed in 1917, when he had played a distinctly secondary role. "The hero-script that he was now, finally, able to enact was the vision of going down in history as another Lenin by bringing off an October of the construction of socialism." As Tucker understands Stalin's perspective, "He would unflinchingly wield the cudgel of state power against masses of human beings, and see himself in the process as a leader acting rightfully in accordance with his, Bolshevism's, and Russia's heroic historical mission."

This analysis yields the thickest description of Stalin's reign in the 1930s now available in English. Many interesting pages, in particular, are devoted to Stalin's manipulations of history and culture in the fashioning of his "hero-script." The unfolding of the terror is examined in fascinating detail and interpreted through an "algebra" that has Stalin projecting onto his "enemies" the terrorism (against them) and the treason (of taking up with the Nazis) that he planned to commit himself. This, according to Tucker, is why Stalin needed his victims to confess before he destroyed them: "Only by believing in the victims' treasonous designs or deeds could he come to terms with their failure to share his grandiose beliefs about himself, their actual or suspected disbelief in his supreme greatness as the party-state's leader of genius."

Readers who like to wield Occam's razor may not find this ingenious explanation strictly necessary, considering that virtually the only "evidence" produced by the prosecution in the show trials of the '30s were the confessions of the accused. As for the purpose of the trials themselves, Volkogonov's more pragmatic explanation may be half-right: the need for scapegoats to account for the sorry state of the economy in a country that had been declared in 1936 to have already entered the realm of socialism. The other half of Volkogonov's explanation—that the mass purges were initiated with the added purpose of getting rid of all possible fifth columnists in anticipation of a coming conflict with Nazi Germany—is hopelessly naive, and here Tucker's interpretation, even if judged overly imaginative, seems closer to the mark.

Much of Tucker's theory about Stalin's appropriation of the Russian historical tradition, about his use of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great as models, is plausible, but it is also highly speculative. Do we really need a theory of historical throwback in order to understand Stalin's ultrawhiggish rewriting of Russian history and his manipulation of culture, his careful attention to the fashioning of his "cult of personality"? A privileged Moscow historian with access to the "Stalin archive" (the collection of papers that passed over Stalin's desk) recently told me of having come upon a typescript of a speech that Stalin had turned over to *Pravda* in advance of giving it so that it could be published in the morning edition. At various places in the margins, Stalin had added in his own hand the words, "applause," "thunderous applause," "thunderous applause turning into ovation," and so on. Stalin was a master at shaping public opinion. How could he pass up the opportunity to exploit Russian patriotism through a cynical manipulation of Russian history?

Historians and economists, from Paul Miliukov to Alexander Gerschenkron, have long perceived a pattern of state-sponsored bursts of military-industrial growth in response to external challenges in Russian history. The pattern goes back at least as far as the reign of Peter I at the beginning of the eighteenth century. (To attach anything that could be called "industrial" or "developmental" to the reign of Ivan the Terrible in the sixteenth century is, in my opinion, anachronistic.) But the most impressive of these economic leaps, the one engineered by the Minister of Finance Sergei Witte in the 1890s, can hardly qualify as a "revolution" by the standards of either political change (its goals were politically conservative) or social disruption. Moreover, the paradigmatic leap of Peter the Great, although certainly revolutionary in almost every sphere of life (except for the dynasty, which it left unchanged), had as its goal, despite all its brutalities and regimentation, the integration of Russia into Europe. Its aim was not only recognition of Russia's great-power status, but also assimilation of European culture and philosophy of government—a fundamental contrast to Stalin's radical isolationism and departure from European traditions generally.

By identifying the revolutionary solution to the crisis of NEP so exclusively with Stalin and his psychological needs, then, Tucker appears to contradict his own earlier explanations for Stalin's success in the power struggle of the 1920s, which put considerable emphasis not

continued on page 40

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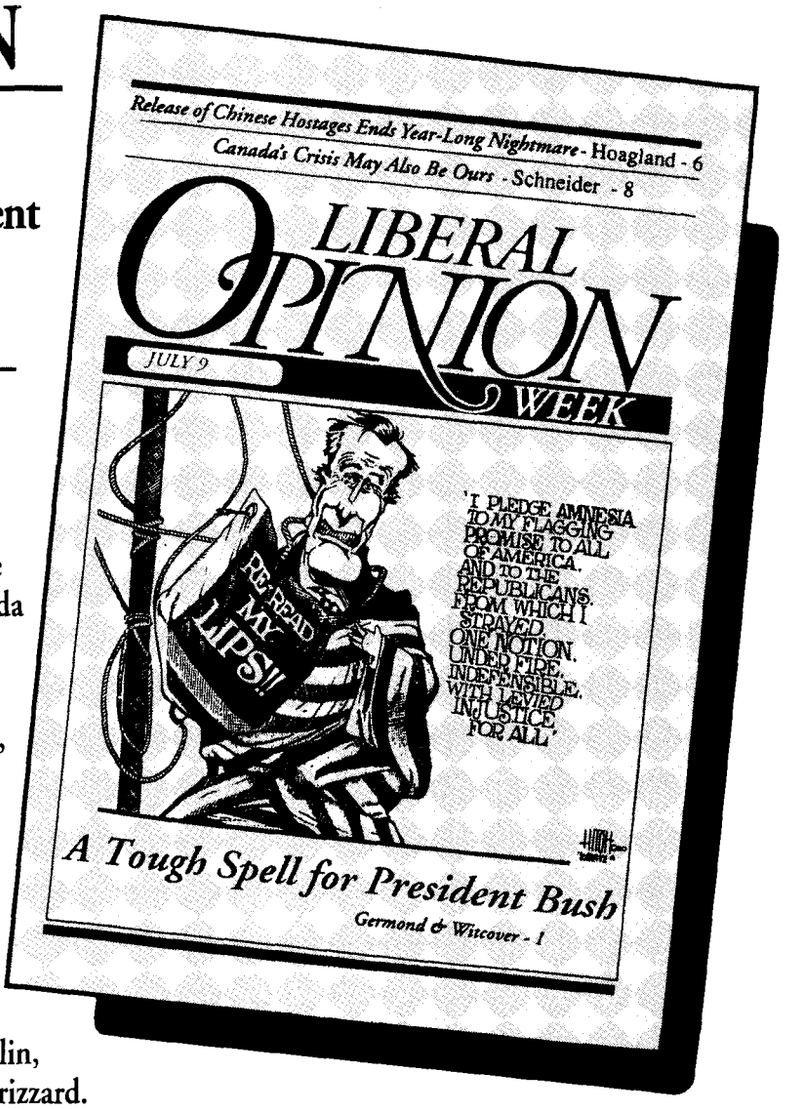
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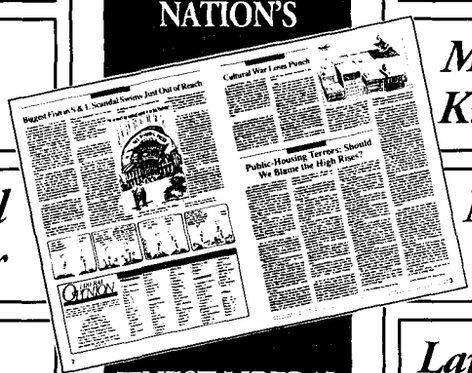

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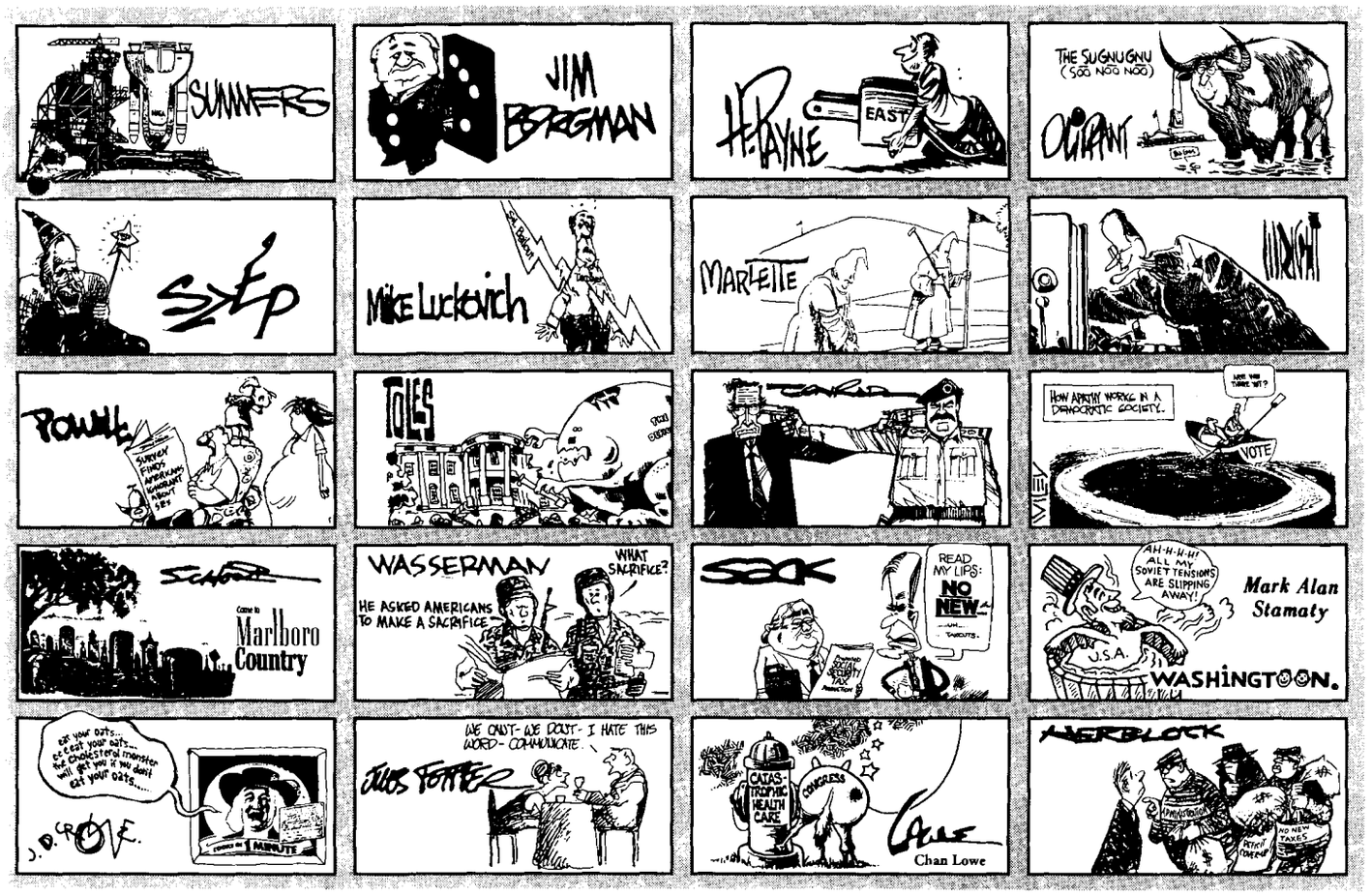

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only on Stalin's proverbial organizational skills but also on his ability to give expression to the mix of pragmatism and revolutionary impatience that was widespread in the Party of the late 1920s. And Tucker's commitment to the notion that Stalin's revolution was the continuation of a Russian tradition of revolutions from above leads him to characterize Stalin as "a Bolshevik of the radical right." This appears to bring his view, in the end, rather close to Trotsky's Thermidor or Timashev's notion of the Great Retreat, despite his reservations about that position. In the context of the contemporary debate about Stalinism, Tucker's analysis looks like one more endorsement of the myth of a pre-Stalinist "democratic Bolshevism."

It seems unlikely that Tucker's interpretation of Stalin's second Soviet revolution will find ready acceptance among any of the contending factions in the debate over Soviet history among American Sovietologists. The theme of historically recurring patterns of Great Russian nationalism will not sit well with either the mainstream totalitarian school or the basic revisionist school, if only because it downplays the role of ideology in the entire Soviet project. And the central, really defining role assigned to Stalin's personality in determining the course of Soviet history in the 1930s will hardly please those revisionist social historians who have been complaining all along that work on the Stalin era has relied too much on biography.

But my own main reservation about Tucker's book lies elsewhere. Its stated aim is not that of the biographer, but of the historian: "to show how and why this second revolution took place." The historian's job is to seek rational explanations for what happened in history. Stalin's personality is not the place to go looking for rational explanations for the bloody events of the 1930s that brought him to a position of absolute power probably unrivaled in the history of societies organized into states. It seems to me that the central question historians should be seeking answers for is this: Why did the Party leadership, its rank and file, the non-Party intelligentsia, the army command, the Russian people, allow Stalin to follow his "hero-script" and wreak havoc on the nation?

It is a question that has been addressed too little by historians in the past, and it receives scant treatment in these books as well. The closest that Tucker comes to it is his very brief discussion (in a subsection titled "The Outcome") of the question of the popular response to Stalin's version of reality around 1938. But he does so in a summary and equivocal way. (There were true believers, he explains, but many non-believers, too; the success of the "revolution of belief" was the result of a combined process of "repression and promotion.") And Volkogonov, too, recognizes the question only scoutingly, in an aside: "Without an impression of the first twenty years of the Soviet regime, the mental climate of the 1930s, and the imperatives that dictated the behavior of the people, it is impossible to understand the social drama and tragic convulsions that gripped the country." But apart from an occasional remark concerning such things as the Russian intelligentsia's "love of radicalism, their readiness to sacrifice everything—history, culture, and human beings—in the name of an idea," he makes no attempt to come to terms with the social-psychological context of Stalin's ascendancy. ("A state of bewitchment," the Leningrad critic Lidia Ginzburg once called the atmosphere that prevailed in Russia in the 1930s.)

To judge from these books, the flood of material about Stalin and Stalinism that crested in 1989 has not produced much in the way of truly significant new facts. This impression is sustained by two other books that take the measure, in different ways, of the Stalin material that has lately appeared: Walter Laqueur's *Stalin: The Glasnost Revelations*, and Robert Conquest's *Stalin: Breaker of Nations*. Laqueur, in a series of discrete topical essays, and Conquest, in a very readable and evenhanded short biography (without notes), have gone over the "glasnost revelations" of the last few years with fine-tooth combs. Up to mid-1989, when he perceived that the wave was receding, Laqueur admits that

> few sensations have emerged, and not many crucial new facts have been disclosed, whether because Soviet security was not leakproof even in the 1930s and 1940s, despite all the precautionary measures, or because even under glasnost many decisive historical sources were not accessible or had been destroyed. Some, in fact, may not have existed in the first place. Thus, even under glasnost, it could not be established with any certainty whether Stalin had been involved in the murder of Sergei Kirov or the death of Ordzhonikidze. Similarly, it could not be said with certainty how many victims had died in the collectivization of agriculture, as the result of the purges, or in the war against Germany. Even the way decisions were made at the very top largely remained a secret.

Writing before August 1991, Laqueur expressed doubt that "the truly important files concerning Stalin in the Soviet archives will be granted in the near future." Now it appears that they will be; but one may still doubt whether any great revelations will come our way about how the control room of the machine functioned. Stalin, we have every reason to believe, carefully avoided leaving a paper trail. He did things verbally, and he liked to use the telephone.

To be sure, a considerable amount of corroboration for heretofore slimly documented evidence has been forthcoming. We now know how and where all 15,000 Polish officers interned in the Soviet Union in 1939 were systematically murdered. The total body count has been going steadily up, to the point that any serious person knows that the tally of Stalinism's victims requires a number with at least seven zeros; and the idea that Stalin was not personally responsible for mass murder must now be laid firmly and finally to rest. These, of course, are no mean achievements.

Still, it is possible to wonder how far we have really come in understanding the Stalin phenomenon since 1962, when Alec Nove wrote his classic short essay, "Was Stalin Really Necessary?" in which he memorably concluded that "the possibility of a Stalin was a necessary consequence of the effort of a minority group to keep power and to carry out a vast social-economic revolution in a very short time." Add Leszek Kolakowski's writings from the 1970s on the totalitarian implications of Marxist ideology and

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Soviet political organization—in particular, his thoughts on the abolition of law as a defense of the individual's rights against the state and on the logic of one-man rule—and add what we now know of the man who assumed that rule, and there is not a lot more left in the hopper.

Even pursuing the important question of the social dimensions of Stalinism is not likely to provide much reason to doubt that this was, whatever one may think of its relationship to Russian historical tradition, truly a "revolution from above." We may well have arrived at the moment in history when our perspective on Stalin's deadly time will be refined less by the archival exposure of the past than by the experience of the present, beginning with the collapse of Soviet communism. •

Manners, Morals, and the Academy

BY ALAN MINTZ

Jews in the American Academy, 1900-1940: The Dynamics of Intellectual Assimilation by Susanne Klingenstein

(Yale University Press, 280 pp., $35)

The prominence of Jews in the English departments of American universities is in many ways no more remarkable than the prominence of Jews in other endeavors. Yet earlier in the century, when literature intoxicated young immigrants and the sons of immigrants were seeking to make careers in the academy, English departments proved to be nearly impregnable fortresses. They came to see themselves as the unchallengeable custodians of the Anglo-Saxon tradition: though they learned to speak the language, immigrants had little claim to the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

It was an issue of manners as well as mind. More than one aspirant was told that, while his scholarship was unassailable, he would not be at ease in the society of his colleagues. And so success came slowly. It was not until 1939, with the appointments of Lionel Trilling at Columbia and Harry Levin at Harvard, that tenure was granted to a Jew in an English department at a major university. After World War II, of course, the gates began to swing open, and many of those who are now eminences in the field began their studies in a very different atmosphere.

Far more interesting than this success story, which is repeated with variations in many areas of accomplishment, is the question of what might be called reverse assimilation. What of their Jewishness did these Jewish professors bring to the profession of English? What did they give up and what did they take with them in entering the field? Do the changes in the study of English in recent decades reflect the Jewish origins of some of its foremost practitioners?

These questions are enormously difficult to answer on many scores. Jewishness as an ethnic experience needs to be disentangled from Judaism as a structure of texts and ideas. Many Jewish professors may have grown up within a dense ethnic web of family relations, class status, and speech practices. But for most of them, the Jewish identity that they necessarily abandoned was never strong to begin with; some Hebrew school and bar mitzvah lessons hardly provided much of an access to the high intellectual culture of classical Jewish learning, which has the Hebrew language as its medium. And yet the question of the impact of Jewish ideas on literary criticism has never been more alive than in recent years. The argument has been made that the preoccupations with textuality and hermeneutics associated with the work of Jacques Derrida, Harold Bloom, and Geoffrey Hartman represent, in various ways, a secular displacement of classical Jewish modes of interpretation.

Susanne Klingenstein's book affords an occasion to examine these arguments at a historical remove, and to reflect on what really motivates these insistent claims for the Jewish origins of critical revolutions. The book tells two stories. The first is a chronicle of institutional history, which describes how Jews overcame the constraints of anti-Semitism and gained positions of prominence in the academy. The second is an intellectual narrative that attempts to demonstrate that, once arrived, Jewish professors applied a Jewish mode of thinking to non-Jewish material of their discipline.

Klingenstein examines the careers of a philologist (Leo Weiner), two literature professors (Ludwig Lewisohn, Lionel Trilling), and three philosophers and historians of philosophy (Harry Wolfson, Morris Raphael Cohen, Horace Kallen). Despite differences in their background, Klingenstein argues that they were all in some sense heirs to a common Jewish intellectual inheritance. This patrimony was a combination of the traditional rabbinic insistence on moral discriminations and the emphasis of the Hebrew Enlightenment (the Haskalah) on the use of critical reason.

The intellectual progress of each of the figures described in this volume, with the exception of Wolfson, ostensibly involved a "forgetting" of this Jewish past, whether it was a past experienced in childhood or (in the case of Lewisohn) absorbed later on; they went on to write innovatively about philosophical and literary themes that often had nothing overtly to do with Jewish culture. This fact, however, does not deter Klingenstein, who argues at the level of deep structure and insists that the "grammar" of their ideas remains characteristically Jewish. So, for example, while Cohen's scientific rationalism rejected a Judaic worldview, the way in which his argument was framed reflected ways of thinking inherited from the tradition of Jewish scholarly inquiry.

Klingenstein has a good grasp of how the different elements of her tale—the immigrant Jewish milieu, individual intellectual gifts, and the institutional constraints of the university—acted together to shape the identities of these important transitional figures. Some of them, especially Kallen, were impelled to develop a vision that could contain Judaism within a new version of the American idea. (Again, Lewisohn was an exception: through German romanticism and Freud's theories of sexuality, he arrived at a Zionism that called on the American Jew to reject his inauthentic assimilated self and to identify with his ancient people and its religious calling.) Klingenstein brings these figures and their struggles to life with narrative verve and intellectual panache. We feel the pathos of their dilemmas and follow the turning points in their development: Wolfson fatefully deciding to devote himself to a Harvard career rather than becoming a Hebrew novelist; Cohen saved from pessimism by a gentile teacher at the Educational Alliance on the Lower East

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Side; Lewisohn, the German Jewish Southern gentleman from Charleston, crushed by the rejection of a fellowship at Columbia.

In its conception, however, Klingenstein's book is something of a mess. Its title is grandly inclusive, but there is nothing here of Jews in the exact sciences or the social sciences, or for that matter in "Oriental studies," where Jewish studies had its origins; we are left to wonder whether the "intellectual assimilation" of Jewish professors in those fields is similar to the story she tells here. There is likewise no mention of such "illustrious immigrants" as Hannah Arendt and Hans Morgenthau, who came as refugee scholars at the end of this period and did much to reshape the American academic mind. Fully a third of the book is devoted to professors of philosophy, but a discussion of Jews in the profession of philosophy never comes. Although Lewisohn was certainly an important figure in American Jewish intellectual life, his impact on the academy was—in part because of anti-Semitism at Columbia—nil. Why Levin is mentioned only in passing is left unexplained. And why Wolfson of Harvard and not his contemporary Salo Baron of Columbia?

But the problems go deeper. The two most productive figures in this gathering, Wolfson and Trilling, each in an opposite way reflect the trouble with Klingenstein's thesis. Wolfson was the only one of these intellectuals who had a significant immersion in Jewish learning. Before he arrived at the age of 16 in America in 1903, Wolfson had already spent several years as a student at the great Lithuanian yeshiva at Slobodka, and he continued his talmudic studies on the Lower East Side before matriculating at Harvard. At Harvard, the Harvard of James and Santayana and George Foot Moore, Wolfson learned a new intellectual grammar. The critical historical method of German philological scholarship (in its Harvard incarnation) replaced talmudic dialectics, however much the habits of precision and rigor may have been common to both. Wolfson applied this new method to the conflict between reason and revelation in the writings of Jewish, Christian, and Muslim philosophers. His career, in other words, is precisely the inverse of the model put forward by Klingenstein. Rather than perpetuating a Jewish mode of thinking applied to non-Jewish knowledge, Wolfson did the opposite. He adopted a new set of critical tools and trained them on the history of Jewish thought as well as other philosophical literatures.

Wolfson's was a great success story: he was one of the founding fathers of the historical study of the philosophy of religion, he helped to restore the study of medieval philosophy (and especially medieval Jewish philosophy) to a pride of place that it deserved, and he gained the respect of the Harvard community. Still, there is a pervasive sadness to Wolfson's career, especially in its later years. His determination to avoid the taint of parochialness led him to avoid central categories in Jewish thought, important but particularist themes such as Jewish law and the reasons for the commandments. He wrote about the beginnings of the philosophy of religion (Philo, the Church Fathers, and the Kalam) and about its end (Spinoza), but he never wrote the history of medieval Jewish philosophy, which constituted the climax of religious philosophy in his account of it. And at the end of his life he bitterly regretted that he had not written in Hebrew.

If Wolfson was unhappy and in many senses still inside the Jewish tradition, Trilling seemed happy and mostly outside. Trilling is the hero of Klingenstein's book, and the test case for her thesis about the persistence of a Jewish grammar of thought. Trilling's exposure to Judaism was not negligible. His father, David Trilling, came from Bialystok, and his mother, Fanny Cohen, from Vienna via London. The family moved from Far Rockaway to Manhattan's West 108th Street when Lionel was a child. The boy was tutored for his bar mitzvah by Max Kadushin, a student of the great theologian and religious reformer Mordecai Kaplan at the Jewish Theological Seminary. (The tutor later became an important scholar of rabbinics himself.) The Trilling household was kosher, the mother lit Sabbath candles, the father required his son to put on tefillin and say daily prayers through high school.

So much for what Klingenstein (using Werner Sollers's terms) calls Trilling's "descent" culture, that is, the culture he was born into, as opposed to the "consent" culture that he voluntarily adopted. When he entered Columbia as an undergraduate, Trilling let this Jewish culture fall from his shoulders rather effortlessly. He neither indicted it nor rebelled against it, he merely moved on to other concerns. With the exception of his essay "Wordsworth and the Rabbis," Trilling never turned his gaze extensively back upon these Jewish roots nor applied his intellect to Jewish matters. Although this was not simply a matter of choice in the Columbia still ruled over by Nicolas Murray Butler, Trilling never in any fashion denied his Jewishness. But he adopted the English department as his "consent" culture. While he assimilated into its aloof gentlemanliness, he also brought with him to Morningside Heights some of the urbanity of the downtown intellectual world; but one could scarcely call Trilling what Alfred Kazin called himself in his memoirs, a "New York Jew."

Still, despite his having moved "beyond" his Jewish roots, Klingenstein argues that Trilling's ideas remained true to the "grammar" of his Jewish patrimony. Her argument rests on his preoccupation with the novel as the pre-eminent genre. Trilling once declared that "my work took its direction from the novel," and Klingenstein asserts that there exists an implicit correspondence in Trilling's work between the worldview of the novel and the worldview of Judaism. At the sociological level, for a start, Trilling saw in the novel echoes of the experiences of his family as a typical immigrant middle-class Jewish family, and so the novel's concern with snobbery, status, upward mobility, and finances was familiar ground indeed. As a young outsider to the culture who was in the process of entering it, Trilling developed the subtle observance of behavior and motive that is the novelist's art. Furthermore, in the hum and buzz of family discussions Trilling saw (in his own words) a preoccupation with "moral question," with questions raised by the experience of quotidian life and by the experience of culture and history. These were qualities and values, Klingenstein submits, that were "developed as much in the Trilling household with its kosher kitchen and in arguments with Max Kadushin as through the reading of novels and planning of stories."

On a more philosophical level, Klingenstein asserts that there is a fundamental kinship between Judaism's understanding of existence and the novel's grasp of reality as presented by Trilling. The novel's worldview for Trilling is grounded in the moral sufficiency of the ordinary. In "Manners, Morals, and the Novel," he wrote that the form is "a perpetual quest for reality, the field of its analysis being always manners as an indication of the direction of man's soul." Trilling prized the this-worldliness of the novel, its resistance to transcendence, and its insistence that serious moral concerns are thrown up by the "great practical sanity" of ordinary life. The imperative urged on the reader by the novel is the awareness of reality: to become more con-

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scious of distinctions, especially of social distinctions. And this, argues Klingenstein, is the essential conviction of Judaism, too.

Klingenstein relies heavily for her characterization of Judaism on the essays of Cynthia Ozick, for whom Judaism insists on the fundamental separation between imminence and transcendence, and locates the moral order squarely within the embroiled medium of the everyday life. A thing or a value from the realm of the ordinary that would set itself up as extraordinary is a source of idolatry—similar to the temptation that Trilling saw in claims for the autonomy (read: religion) of art. The ethos of observation and scrutiny proposed by the novel is thus merely the obverse of the rigor of religious observance in Judaism, in which a Jew is enjoined to become supremely conscious of the meaning-laden nuances in the quotidian world around him. This, in Klingenstein's account, was the patrimony that Trilling the Jew smuggled into the gentile world of letters.

Klingenstein's general thesis about Trilling is extremely speculative, and her suggestion of intentionality—that Trilling used the novel as a covert way of speaking about Judaism—is extremely unpersuasive. If we credit Trilling with being a critic who exercised a degree of awareness about his own sensibility, then we must listen seriously when he writes in the *Contemporary Jewish Record* in 1944 that "I cannot discover anything in my professional intellectual life which I can specifically trace back to my Jewish birth and rearing." He goes on to say that his Jewishness exists merely as a "point of honor," and that he is aware "how minimal such a position is—how much it hangs upon only a resistance (and even only a passive one) to the stupidity and brutality which make the Jewish situation so bad as it is."

Are we then to believe that the mother's kosher home and the bar mitzvah lessons with a rabbinic scholar laid down the deep structure of Trilling's life work, while his complete indifference to Jewish culture, which took effect when he went from DeWitt Clinton High School to Columbia College, was merely a surface concession to the reigning norms of literary discourse? All right, yes, perhaps there may be some lingering Jewish echo or affinity in Trilling's writing, however elusive or even impossible of proof it may be. Yet to make the Jewish motive the key to Trilling's preoccupation with the novel in the face of so many more evident and powerful motives—his interest in psychoanalysis, his polemics with the Marxist left, his dissatisfaction with the old-style English department sensibility—is to offer an argument that is not so much perverse as overdetermined in its own motivation. It bespeaks a desire at all costs to capture Trilling for the Jews.

Thus Klingenstein's project joins a not inconsiderable number of other efforts in recent years to identify Jewish influences at the heart of innovations in contemporary criticism. There is some grounds for this in the case of Walter Benjamin and later Bloom and Hartman, although each of them came to their reading in Jewish thought (in translation) considerably after their critical orientations were already well established. But to claim for the Jews such unlikely suspects as Trilling and—mutatis mutandis—Derrida ("Reb Derrida" he has been called, a latter-day midrashic exegete) is a move that reveals more about the needs and the desires of those doing the claiming than it does about the intellectual roots of the figures themselves.

Where does this desire issue from, and why does it press its claims at this moment? Every effort to show Jewish influence implies of necessity the construction of a model of Judaism that is doing the influencing; and there turns out to be not one model, but many. Judaism is the passion for social justice of the prophets, or the playful subtleties of midrashic interpretation of the rabbis, or the spheres of negative capability of the kabbalists. Moreover, these constructions are most often formed not as a product of the available historical knowledge of Judaism, which has increased dramatically in recent decades, but as a projection of the critic's own ideas.

Consider the instance at hand. The construct of Judaism that Klingenstein invokes as the influence on Trilling is an amalgam of the "normative" Judaism of the rabbis in Late Antiquity and the rationality of the Hebrew Enlightenment and the opponents of Hasidism (the *mitnagdim*) in the modern age. The source for this version of Judaism, again, is Ozick. In her brilliant essays, Ozick has taken Matthew Arnold's opposition between Hellenism and Hebraism and defined the essence of Judaism as its resistance to the pagan and idolatrous seductions of art. Now, as the thoughts of an important imaginative writer, Ozick's ideas about Judaism are interesting in many ways; but it is rather curious, in a work of critical scholarship of the sort that Klingenstein is writing, that Ozick's construct of Judaism should be made the measure of historical influence. Moreover, Ozick was a student of Trilling's (and Arnold was the subject of the book that got Trilling his tenure at Columbia), and so the lines of connection become uncomfortably circular. Trilling's approving description of the ordinariness and the rationality of reality in the novel may have helped to form Ozick's conception of normative Judaism, which is then in turn invoked as proof of Trilling's Jewishness.

There are two reasons that come to mind for this desire to appropriate figures like Trilling for the Jews. A more generous explanation would see it as the product of the kind of naive national pride that wants to see the Jews given the credit they deserve for their significant contributions to the progress of human knowledge in the modern age. A less generous explanation would point to a need to defuse the threat posed to Judaism by modernity.

Jews were certainly present at the creation of modernity, and the traces of their involvement are unmistakable. Still, it is modernity, with its core of secularism and humanism, that has subverted the authority of Judaism with its God-centered view of the world and its demands for a life lived under the constraints of divine law. It would be con-

What We'd Do, Emily, If You Came Home

Oh, how we would bend to kiss your plain white hem,
How we would plunder hallowed ground to deck
A throne for you, to stud a diadem,
To fit a palanquin to draw you through our air.
We'd tutor hummingbirds to coil your hair
With columbine, the jesters' caps draped back,
The chambered faces pressed against your skin.
Would you, for an instant, bask in this,
Before you'd send the birds in clusters on
And return all our jewels to their stony houses?
You'd have pity for each orphaned, chiseled thing.
We know they are not what you'd have wanted.
It's just that we could not come empty-handed
And have nothing copied out and bound with string.

JACQUELINE OSHEROW

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soling, therefore, to believe that at the center of this new world, even on its very avant-garde, the wisdom of the Jewish tradition is inscribed, no matter how much the script may be inverted. Trilling's "rabbinic" view of the novel, Derrida's "midrashic" word plays, Bloom's "kabbalistic" account of the imagination: all these are eagerly appropriated as "displacements" of classical Jewish doctrines, as if to say that just there, at the hidden core of the modernist literature that pushed aside the sacred texts of Judaism, the secret seeds of redemption have been planted.

How pleasant to think this.

ALAN MINTZ is Braun Professor of Modern Hebrew Literature at Brandeis University and the author most recently of *"Banished From Their Father's Table": Loss of Faith and Hebrew Autobiography* (Indiana University Press).

Ladies Sing the Blues

BY ELAINE SHOWALTER

Silencing the Self: Women and Depression by Dana Crowley Jack

(Harvard University Press, 256 pp., $19.95)

You Mean I Don't Have to Feel This Way? by Colette Dowling

(Scribner's, 384 pp., $19.95)

Whether it has been called melancholia, *acedia*, or dysthymic disorder, whether attributed to black bile, chemical imbalance, or maternal object loss, the symptoms of depression have been pretty much the same for 2,500 years: anxiety, loss of self-esteem, guilt, and obsessive thoughts of suicide. Body functions change as well; when we are severely depressed, eating is an ordeal, as if life has already given us too much to swallow. Sleep eludes us, or we wake before dawn to what Edith Wharton called a "cold blue light."

Yet despite the similarity of its symptoms over two millennia, depression has had very different cultural meanings for the educated and the inarticulate, for the rich and the poor, and—especially—for men and women. At least since Shakespeare's day, melancholy has been the privileged disease of male philosophers, scholars, and poets. Hamlet in particular helped to create the notion that intellectuals were particularly susceptible to moods of despair, and indeed that depression is the occupational hazard of creativity and profundity. (William Styron's brief and eloquent memoir of his trip through depression, *Darkness Visible*, falls into in this tradition. Starting with an account of his breakdown in the Musée de Picasso, and proceeding with reference to Job, Dante, William James, Flaubert, Camus, Romain Gary, Abbie Hoffman, Randall Jarrell, Primo Levi, and Ingmar Bergman, Styron draws on the full resources of a life's cultural training to describe an existential crisis in the tradition of other male writers and artists.)

The literature of women and depression, however, has a different tradition. While Hamlet set the style for masculine angst, Ophelia was the model of feminine despondency over unrequited love. Women are the depressed sex; case studies repeatedly show higher rates of depression for Western women in every age group. Indeed, whether the causes are said to be hormonal, or cultural, or social, women are expected to suffer episodes of melancholy at every stage in their life, from adolescence and maternity to the "sad hours of depression" that even Simone de Beauvoir thought the aging woman must accept as her lot. Books about women and depression are still largely self-help books for women who love too much; and current theories in psychotherapy look to feminine despondency, passivity, or learned helplessness for the key to women's susceptibility to mood disorders.

Contemporary feminists have responded to these views in various ways, ranging from an indictment of sexism in the medical literature to "crone ceremonies" defiantly celebrating aging (a Californian innovation that is pretty depressing in itself). These two very different studies by Dana Crowley Jack and Colette Dowling are alike in resisting the idea that women are to blame for feeling so bad, and in offering suggestions for positive change.

Jack set out to challenge the male-identified assumptions of conventional psychotherapy that depressed women need "to develop more autonomy and self-reliance," and that their needs for intimacy mark them as weak, overdependent, and immature. Drawing on the work of the psychologist Carol Gilligan on the importance of relationships in female identity, Jack argues that for women "self-esteem is tied to the *quality* of attachments." If therapists will really listen to the stories depressed women tell, she suggests, they can begin to understand what women themselves are trying to say about the causes of, and remedies for, their despair.

Gilligan's influence can be seen not just in the intellectual hypotheses of the book, but also in its methodology and its style. Like Gilligan's *In a Different Voice*, *Silencing the Self* relies on a tiny sample of cases, and surrounds its ideas with allusions to matriarchal myths, women's novels, and fairy tales. Despite the sweeping claims of its title, the book is based on a longitudinal study of twelve white American women from the same rural county; eleven of them were married, eight had children, and only one worked outside the home. In describing their feelings, they stressed the problems within their marriages and families.

In Jack's view, they were testifying to the importance of relationships and intimacy as "the profound organizer of female experience and the key to understanding women's 'different voice.'" Women's vulnerability to depression is not the result of their neurotic "dependence" in relationships, but rather the undervaluing of connectedness and intimacy as healthy human needs. Through dialogue with a therapist who respects these needs, reassurance from female friends, and support from a women's group, depressed women can, she maintains, rediscover their silenced voices and reclaim themselves.

The defense of women's emotional connectedness as normal and natural is an important one, although it also runs the risk of unwittingly reinforcing the old stereotype of women as the fragile, sensitive, hungry-for-intimacy-and-love sex. Still, Jack might be even more vigorous in her indictment of the selfish

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autonomy that is often presented as its superior opposite, and that seems to characterize the women's husbands. But in addition to the narrowness of her sample, Jack herself listens very selectively to the women's stories, and screens out all the factors in their lives except those of personal relationships. "Susan," for instance, said that being "married and tied down to a home and not working" was depressing, but Jack hears only that she has unsatisfied need for "intimate closeness," a considerable understatement when we read that Susan's husband has beaten and choked her. Violence and verbal abuse were very much present in the women's lives, but because they were poorly educated, unskilled, and economically dependent, they were frightened of being on their own. It seems significant to me that those who improved during the course of the study went back to school or out to jobs, but Jack calls paid work "the male world," and describes the needs for achievement and recognition as masculine.

Although Jack believes that even "poverty, inadequate housing, young children, or illness" will be bearable with a loving partner, she doesn't ask whether the actual marriages these women were in might have been more bearable—or partners more "loving"—with more money, child care, education, and the resources of decent jobs. Although she herself analyzes the lessons about depression in women's fiction or fairy tales, she does not seem to notice how flat and impoverished the women's narratives are, how barren of any cultural allusion, even a popular song or TV show. It is moving to read that "Mary," who decided to go to college at the age of 45, designed a ritual around two masks, one gray and one brightly colored, that represented her old silenced self and her "new ways of perceiving and relating." But without some substantial changes in the social, economic, and cultural realities of their lives, the rebirth rituals in the women's depression groups that Jack describes offer little hope for their future.

There is a lot of hope in Colette Dowling's book, but it is equally divorced from social conditions. Dowling's personal experience with a manic-depressive husband and a deeply depressed daughter led her to become an advocate for biopsychiatry and psychopharmacology, the treatment of mental and affective disorders through drugs. Basing her argument on the research of two Harvard Medical School physicians who also head the Laboratories of Biopsychiatry at McLean Hospital, Dowling argues that not only severe depression, but also alcohol and drug abuse, PMS, anorexia-bulimia, migraine, irritable bowel syndrome, gambling, and kleptomania are chemical-deficiency disorders that can be cured by hefty doses of anti-depressant drugs such as Prozac, lithium, and MAO inhibitors.

According to Dowling, depression is biologically based and possibly caused by a deficiency of a neurotransmitter or brain hormone called serotonin. Instead of blaming themselves, tormenting their families, and spending months or years in futile therapy, victims of depression can recover rapidly if they have the good fortune to find doctors who are knowledgeable about the new drugs and ready to prescribe them. In order for treatment to be effective, it may be necessary to try several different drugs, and to take them in substantial quantities. Although some of them require dietary restrictions, and others have side effects, the drugs are non-addictive and can be taken safely for a lifetime.

Dowling is well aware that her message will encounter resistance, despite offering a magical solution to a heap of misery, most of it misery associated with women. What difference does it make whether a drug is non-addictive if you have to take a lot of it every day for the rest of your life? What about press reports of Prozac's possibly suicidal side effects, or one user's testimony that Prozac made her a nymphomaniac? Are anti-depressant drugs a crutch? Do they keep people from dealing with the deeper issues in their lives? Will biopsychiatry give doctors too much power, and turn people into *soma*-eating robots out of *Brave New World?*

On the whole, Dowling gives sensible and persuasive answers to these questions, arguing that although mood disorders may have a variety of causes, medicine that makes depressed people feel better will make it easier for them to tackle other issues in their lives. She discusses the controversy over Prozac, which has been prescribed for over 3 million patients in the United States, and over 5 million around the world, with only a tiny number of reported ill effects. She takes a balanced approach to treatment, calling for well-rounded therapy programs that treat the whole person, and that may include "talk therapies" as adjuncts to drugs.

Moreover, Dowling recognizes that depression has its own mystique, and that reducing the twists and turns of human emotion to metabolic imbalance threatens our cherished fascination with our own psyches, histories, and heroes. As she asks, "Where would *Death of a Salesman* be if Willy Loman had been diagnosed as having a mood disorder?" Would we want Loman on lithium, Plath on Prozac? "Life is flattened," she disarmingly admits, "by a one-dimensional, chemical approach to the brain—flattened, trivialized, and made horrifyingly predictable." Yet in every scientific revolution, people have had to give up old ways of thinking, and we are on the brink of a revolution in the understanding of depression.

The moving stories of people helped, even saved, by anti-depressants, including Dowling's daughter Gabrielle, make it very hard to disagree with her position, but still the book makes me uneasy. How can ordinary readers make a scientific judgment on issues so controversial within the medical profession? In this century there have been other highly touted cures for depression, including tranquilizers, insulin, electroshock, and lobotomy, that are now discredited or much modified. There is also evidence that women were the vast majority of those treated—experimental subjects without choices or power. And outside testimonies differ as well. Styron found anti-depressants ineffective, but maybe he got the wrong dosage. Kate Millett, in her recent memoir *The Loony Bin Trip*, concedes that going off lithium precipitated a manic-depressive episode, but she hated the stigma and the side effects of anti-depressive medication.

Surely anti-depressants have a significant role to play in treatment. But I wish that Dowling's argument did not extend to such a huge and varied list of ailments, and that she were proposing something less grandiose than a unified field theory of human afflictions from drug addiction to fear of flying. The doctors she relied on claim in their foreword that "millions, if not tens of millions, of Americans suffer from serious mood and anxiety disorders at some time in their lives." Are all these people chemically deficient and do they all require medication? If depression is so common an aspect of the human condition, then philosophers, poets, and social activists should have as much to say about is as the scientists. Between the "crone ceremony" and the life on lithium, women need choices that affect the contexts and thus the quality of their lives.

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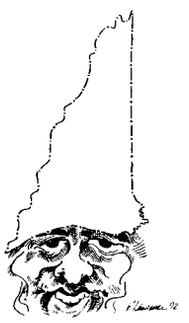
NEW HAMPSHIRE DIARIST

Press pass

WELL, THE RESULTS ARE IN, AND Pat Buchanan is the man of the hour. Good news for Democrats, Falangists, and ambitious ex-speechwriters-*cum*-media motormouths. Bad news for democrats, the White House, and members of ethnic groups ending in "oo," such as Jews and Zulus. On the other side, we have a fwunt wunnah. The Tsongas victory shows that moderate Republicanism is alive and well, but only in the Democratic Party, and probably only in New England. Tsongas is not likely to travel well. After his free-fall in the polls the week before the voting, Clinton has landed on his feet. If scandals are spirits, Clinton knows how to hold his liquor. He's still standing, but can he walk the line?

AS ALWAYS, THE WEEKEND BEFORE the vote attracted two types of media pyromaniacs. First, visiting firemen—anchorpersons, big-time columnists, talk-show heavies from Washington and New York, TV guys from Japan and other hard-currency countries. Second, visiting firedogs: notebook-bearing Dalmatians, with or without visible means of support, who can't help jumping and barking when the bell sounds for the quadrennial conflagration. Persons in these two categories (I'm in the second) are well advised to avoid talking to voters, whose views, randomly solicited, are as misleading as those of taxi drivers. The electorate's wisdom is collective, not individual. As a last-minute visitor, one is better off confining one's canvassing to one's fellow hacks, especially those whose judgment one respects and who have been in the state for a while. One can do this on the fringes of campaign "events," such as rallies and shopping mall walkthroughs, and at the atriumlike bar of the Wayfarer, a hotel located unpicturesquely in the middle of a big parking lot south of Manchester. This is what I did, and I was astonished.

WHAT ASTONISHED ME WAS THIS. The group of people I'll call The Press—by which I mean several dozen political journalists of my acquaintance, many of whom the Buchanan administration may someday round up on suspicion of having Democratic or even liberal sympathies—was of one mind as the season's first primary campaign shuddered toward its finish. I asked each of them, one after another, this question: If you were a New Hampshire Democrat, whom would you vote for? The answer was always the same; and the answer was always Clinton. In this group, in my experience, such unanimity is unprecedented. It wasn't this way in 1968, when The Press was bitterly divided between Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy; or in '72, when most liked McGovern but some preferred Muskie; or in '76, when Carter, Udall, Harris, and Brown all had their Press partisans; or in '80, when nobody liked anybody, but more disfavored Ted Kennedy than disfavored Carter; or in '84, when the Mondale-Hart split was about even; or in '88, when Babbitt nosed out Gore, Gephardt, and Dukakis in the informal Press primary. Obviously, Clinton is not yet the people's choice. He may never be. But he is The Press's. Why?



ONLY A LITTLE OF IT, I think, is due to guilt at the way the press (with the unhappy cooperation of The Press) trashed Clinton in the Flowers and draft affairs. Somewhat more is due to the middling quality of the other declared candidates (though Harkin is the only one who seems to be actively disliked) and to Mario Cuomo's absence from the race (though the disgust with Cuomo, especially among those who had longed for him to run, has mushroomed of late). Almost none is due to calculations about Clinton's being "electable"; even those who think the political damage to Clinton is already fatal admitted they would have voted for him had they been New Hampshire Democrats. And none at all is due to belief in Clinton's denials in the Flowers business, because no one believes these denials. No, the real reason members of The Press like Clinton is simple, and surprisingly uncynical: they think he would make a very good, perhaps a great, president. Several told me they were convinced that Clinton is the most talented presidential candidate they have ever encountered, JFK included. Above all, they are awed by his fortitude (his wife's, too). In New Hampshire he has walked through the valley of political death with voice uncracked, composure unruffled, energy undiminished, humor intact. He has shown no sign of self-pity or bitterness, which means either that he feels none, which would be impressive, or that he is capable of an utterly convincing bluff, which would be more so (and is a highly useful quality in a leader). The integrity of Clinton's private character, judges The Press, may be doubted; the strength of his public character, after this past month, may not be.

IT WORKS THIS WAY. YOUR TYPICAL member of The Press, call him Joe, respects what he himself cannot do. More precisely, Joe respects what he cannot *imagine* himself doing. Now Joe can just barely imagine, in his heart of hearts, that if he really, really tri[illegible], he could do the job of being a candida[illegible] as well as (for example) Kerrey does it—could give as good a speech, could answer questions as knowledgeably, could campaign as vigorously. Joe cannot, however, imagine himself doing the job as well as Clinton, not in a million years; nor can Joe imagine himself standing up to Clinton's ordeal with Clinton's equanimity. Kerrey, unlike Joe, is a glamorous war hero, but Kerrey is also a normal guy—which is to say, he is ruled by irony and self-consciousness. Kerrey, like Joe, is aware of the ever-present danger of seeming ridiculous by seeming too serious. Clinton is different. Clinton can speak the language of irony when he chooses to, but he has no fear of earnestness. There are no visible gaps in his knowledge of public policy or his ability to expound his views lucidly. His gregariousness is as protean as Hubert Humphrey's used to be, with the difference that Clinton always seems interested in what the other person has to say, too. To all appearances, Clinton likes everybody he meets—a quality that may have something to do with his troubles—and he is capable, given the chance, of getting almost anyone to like him. Remember the "Johnson treatment"? Should Clinton get elected after all, you will soon begin hearing about the "Clinton treatment."

FEW REPORTERS THINK THERE was any real alternative to covering the Flowers imbroglio from the way it was in fact covered. But this is not to say that journalists would not have professional reasons for welcoming a Clinton victory. No one likes the tangle of tabloid sleaze and invasion of privacy in which reporters have found themselves enmeshed during this campaign. But if the voters were to rise above the muck, the respectable press, in the future, would have a powerful argument for doing likewise.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

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HOW WE DO WHAT WE DO. ON CABLE TELEVISION'S C-SPAN.

ANYWHERE ELSE, OUR JOB WOULD BE DIFFERENT

GREGG GURSKY AND GARNEY GARY MAKE UP A TWO-PERSON, ONE-CAMERA CREW AND HAVE WORKED AS A TEAM SINCE 1988.

The day started outside a hardware store in Nashua, New Hampshire.

Gregg was shooting, I was running audio, and elbow to elbow we fought for a good camera position. It was crazy. There were photographers and reporters and camera people all over the candidate. And it was only 8:15 am.

We traveled all day — from schoolhouse to Rotary Club to party headquarters — watching the candidate shake hands, kiss babies, smile and wave. But as it got later and colder, the crowds thinned out and the reporters left to find phones and file their stories.

Finally, it was the last stop. We were standing in a small diner, with only the candidate, a few patrons and our camera. It was pure C-SPAN. Local people talking about local concerns. Nothing staged. Nothing set up. While we were shooting, a local reporter popped in for one last unsuccessful attempt at an exclusive interview. As she was walking out the door, she looked over at us, shook her head and said, "Unbelievable. You guys are still at it."

ELECTION 92
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